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AMERICA'S TWO GOVERNMENTS

THE United States has two Governments and at the crisis of the war in Europe they are in sharp conflict. What does it mean? It means that American politics are following their normal pattern. The rigid written constitution admits of none of the adjustments that are so easy under our own elastic rule of custom and tradition. The election of a president every fourth year can no more be postponed than the procession of the seasons, nor can a coalition take over the executive power, which is necessarily concentrated in the hands of one man at the White House. It is customary that his prestige declines in the latter half of his period of office. It is normal that Congress in his third and fourth years asserts itself, with deadlock as the consequence. If Congress can play politics as usual, it should not surprise us that half-a-million miners should strike, with results that told at once on the industrial war-effort. Two unalterable facts govern this situation. One of them is the cast-iron constitution, which aims at limiting the authority of the Executive by an elaborate system of checks and balances. The other is geography. In war, as in peace, there are still three thousand miles of salt water between this continent and Europe. Americans have not been schooled by the destruction of their cities to grasp the meaning of total war. The shock which the Japanese administered at Pearl Harbour had its salutary effect, but in America the danger from the Far East is more easy to grasp than the urgency of victory in Europe. That in the last resort may explain why politics at Washington follow precedent with unbroken regularity.

The startling things that have recently happened are details in a single situation. The background of the double rebuff inflicted on the President by Congress, as of the three strikes in the coal mines, is the struggle in which the Administration is involved to ward off inflation. Nothing, as we see the facts from our European angle, can fairly be said to excuse the conduct of Mr. Lewis, but something can fairly be said to explain the action of the miners who followed his lead. This formidable man, who combines a fervid Welsh eloquence with a notable talent for organisation and a reckless use of gangster methods, is notoriously conducting a personal vendetta against the President. He has associated with the isolationists of "America First" and with the more reactionary wing of the Republican Party. He might serve it in some future crisis as the leader of a native Fascist movement. But the conditions that prevail in the coal mines have made it easy for him to maintain, partly by eloquence, partly by the record of past services, but partly also by terrorism, his hold upon the workers. They face employers who cling to the worst traditions, in villages where the company monopolises housing and the retail stores as well as employment. They are now "frozen" to their arduous jobs at relatively low wages. They have had to watch the recruitment for airplane factories round Detroit of young men and women—in some cases their own sons and daughters—who may earn, while still unskilled, double the wages that a skilled miner receives. They know that the employers rejected the compromise solution devised by the official mediator, Dr. Steelman, which Mr. Lewis accepted. Their case for a big wage increase rests on the admitted fact that the rise in the cost of living has far outpaced the gains won in the earlier years of this war. When they watch the record of the Administration and of Congress, they may be excused for doubting their ability to cope with price-inflation while they frustrate each other.

It need not surprise us that rationing has so far failed to check the rise of food prices. Not only is the area which has to be organised continental in extent; it shows a baffling variety, nor do Americans submit readily to regimentation. The Administration had promised to "roll back" the retail cost of food by 10 per cent. by subsidising the producers, a method which we long ago found effective and unavoidable. In so far as it is financed by differential direct taxation it operates in some small degree to equalise incomes. But before this device could be tested Congress defied the President by turning it down. In so doing, it may have excused itself by falling back on the "rugged independence" and *laissez faire* habits of American tradition, but it is not unduly cynical to suggest that it really acted at the dictation of the Farmers' Block, which is shortsighted enough to believe that it has much to gain by allowing food prices to soar indefinitely. The rejection of subsidies may have the worst consequences, but Mr. Chester Davis, the Food Controller whom the President has just dismissed, was right in pointing out that neither subsidies nor rationing nor both together can alone suffice to keep prices in line. The income of the consumers has risen so steeply that effective demand will have to be checked by much higher direct taxation and also by some form of compulsory saving. This is sound financial doctrine, but here again politics are in the way. Congress has in the past rejected every suggestion of compulsory saving, while it has also kept income tax on the higher levels substantially below the figures at which the Treasury aimed. It would not agree to the fixing of a "ceiling" on salaries at £6,500—a fact which Mr. Lewis used with effect when he incited his miners to strike. The patriotism which fixes a "ceiling" for wages but rejects it for super-incomes is unlikely to impress the men in the pits.

Congress is acting emotionally, with no intelligible economic strategy in its head. Mr. Lewis has aroused the hatred of organised labour, always latent in the upper strata of the American owning class. In this mood it re-enacted, over the President's veto, an oddly illogical Act designed to penalise strikes. While one clause makes incitement to strike a criminal offence, another seems to authorise striking, provided the men give thirty days' notice and take their decision by secret ballot. This may well, as the President points out, render strikes more frequent by sapping the influence of the leaders. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Lewis is unique in his irresponsible behaviour, for both the conservative A.F. of L. and the more radical C.I.O. have renounced the use of the strike weapon in wartime. This is a situation with which coercion alone cannot cope, more especially when the Executive and the Legislature are at feud. It is too much to expect that wage-earners will always be patient while Congress allows both farmers and Big Business to profiteer. Unless the President can recover his authority over Congress, it is only too likely that the spiral of inflation will continue to move upwards, and that this failure of statesmanship will make for organised labour a problem too difficult even for its more sober and responsible

leaders to solve. A fresh strike in the important Chrysler plant points to the danger. The underlying fact of this situation may be that Big Business, with few exceptions, means to undermine the New Deal, and Congress is in effect its tool. It is now using its control over expenditure to thwart and discredit the President over an ever-widening range of his administrative work. One day, under the influence of the witch-hunters of the Dies Committee, it virtually dismisses some of his most trusted followers by cutting out their salaries from the Budget. The next, it threatens to abolish the department that corresponds to our Ministry of Information. If in spite of all this the war goes well, it is the "common man" in the ranks and in the factories whom we have to thank, and not this faction-ridden Congress. The political prospect, up to November of next year, is not too cheerful. What will happen then is unpredictable. In the event the common man may resent this orgy of small-minded politics and rally, as he has done in three previous elections, to the bigger personality at the White House and his wider conception of social duty.

Declining Standards

At the best this cannot fail to be a ruthless and destructive war. That is a reason, as we see it, for unflinching vigilance and self-criticism. Gradually we have schooled ourselves to say and to do things which would have moved the least sensitive of us to revulsion even two years ago. Take for example, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's lapse from decency, when he said on Tuesday at Ottawa that in the last two weeks "a dead submarine was served up for breakfast every day." The U-boat crews obey an abominable government which has imposed on them the use of illegitimate methods of warfare, but they deserve the respect due to brave men. Again, in the last raid on Cologne, our bombers seriously damaged its cathedral by direct hits. In the first great raid it was scrupulously spared. It seems, then, that within a few months our standards of what is permissible have declined. The excuse that the cathedral is near the main railway station is an admission that night bombing cannot be accurate. That is true also of our raids on Italian towns, packed with priceless monuments. What a plane does, striking blind, in a few seconds, will be remembered against us for all time.

The effort to persuade Italy to make Rome an open city is sensible, but Mr. Eden's replies in the House of Commons on Wednesday did not suggest that any serious effort has been made to this end. The whole of our tactics in bombing Italy appear to be based on the blindest military excitement, in which the real object of war is forgotten. The object is not to destroy what belongs to mankind but to persuade the enemy that it is not worth while to go on fighting. In the case of Italy we appear to be creating a mood of stubborn resistance which need not have existed there, and we have as yet made no offer of peace terms which those who will take the place of its Fascist leaders could regard as reasonable.

The New Yugoslav Government

The Yugoslav emigrants have got a new Government, and Dr. Jovanovich (aged 73) is replaced by Mr. Trifunovich (aged 72). It is not a Government of Invasion, as some people expected it to be. It is merely an invasion of the Government, which has been greatly enlarged, with the result that the pan-Serbian reaction has gained ground in it. Five new Ministers, headed by the former Yugoslav Dictator, General Petar Zivkovich, have entered the Cabinet, while the more progressive Ministers, Dr. Budisavljevich and Mr. Banjanin (representing the Serbs from Croatia) have left it. The one improvement would seem to be the appointment of the new Foreign Minister, Mr. Grol—always provided he succeeds in purging the diplomatic service of some pro-Fascists. The Government has been constituted on the principle of representing the former political parties; yet the progressive wing of the Serbian parties, such as the Independent Democrats and the Popular Peasant Party of Serbia, remain unrepresented, not to speak of the Socialists and Communists. Nor is there anyone to speak for the People's Liberation Movement, which is bearing the brunt of the fight in Yugoslavia itself. There are already signs of instability in this new Cabinet. A mere reshuffle will not serve. The best solution is to collaborate directly with the people on the spot. Britain might well take the initiative and invite the Yugoslav People's Liberation Movement to send a delegation to London and Washington which could set forth the aims of the people and give correct information as to the situation in the country.

The Rate of Exploitation

The current *Economic Journal* contains an extremely interesting comparison of pre-war changes in income distribution in Great Britain, U.S.A., and Germany. In this country the share of wages in the value of industrial output shows an appreciable decline throughout the period 1924 to 1938, but, at 48 per cent., it is still the highest of the three. In U.S.A. it rose during the New Deal period from 35 per cent. to 40 per cent. In Germany it fell in the slump to 30 per cent., and has been maintained at the level under the Nazi régime. There is some satisfaction to be drawn from this contrast between pluto-democracy and National Socialism. But, as far as this country is concerned, the falling share of wages, or, in Marxian language, the rising rate of exploitation of labour, is not so pleasant to contemplate. The charge which it is becoming fashionable to make against the monopolies is that they cause unemployment by deliberately restricting output. This is true enough, but the causation works in a roundabout way. The monopolies maintain high profit margins, by raising prices relatively to wage-costs, The purchasing power of an hour's work is thereby reduced, and the market for consumption goods is restricted. Unemployment follows as the consequence of increased mal-distribution of income. The figures set out by Mr. Rostas, in the article quoted above, certainly seem to point to an increase in monopoly, and give some hint of what we may expect after the war if the schemes at present being laid for what is euphemistically called "self-government of industry" are allowed to mature.

An Up-to-date Electoral Register (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

Herbert Morrison has announced the Government's proposals for holding a wartime or post-war General Election. The same plan is to apply to all by-elections as soon as necessary legislation has been passed. Richard Acland and his friends can thus claim a victory for their campaign to end the farce of fighting elections on a 193 register which automatically now excludes those on national service and others who have moved since the beginning of the War, and makes it impossible for anyone under 25 to vote.

The idea of using National Identity Cards has not been followed. Members of the Armed Forces and merchant seaman will vote either by post (or by proxy if overseas), and the Electoral Registration Officer will keep an up-to-date register of voters through the National Registration machinery. In this way it will be possible for anyone resident in a constituency for at least two months before it falls vacant to cast his vote in the ensuing by-election.

There has been some discussion in the Lobbies about whether the new form of electoral machinery might not be made permanent in peace-time. It would obviously enable either a General Election or a by-election to take place on a much more up-to-date register than the old pre-war machinery of compiling the register each July. This got very rapidly out of date. For example, in a large London suburban constituency which had 169,000 electors in July, 1935, 15,000 had already removed before the General Election of October that year. The new machinery, however, could not remain permanent without the maintenance of something like the wartime system of registration. A battle on this question is likely to take place when the post-war drive to remove all wartime "restrictions" takes place.

Morrison also announced that the Government were considering a scheme for Redistribution. This is certainly overdue, but it will be essential to bring in a scheme for periodical revision of constituencies if new injustices are not to arise soon after the war, for many areas such as West Ham have been badly blitzed, and in any case were over-represented in 1939. It is difficult at the present time, however, to estimate what the population will be when these areas have been rebuilt.

I have heard some protests about my reference last week to the part played by Ernest Bevin at the Labour Conference. I do not think my remarks offensive. They certainly reported a widespread impression. Nor do I think that any one really doubts that a Trade Union leader of Bevin's power and capacity has great influence behind the scenes at a Labour Party Conference. On some of the examples I gave this year I spoke from precise personal information.

THE POWER BEHIND THE PLAN

After the Labour Conference, as before it, Mr. Morrison remains the one man of front bench rank in this party whose speeches deserve to be read with attention. His position has, we believe, been improved in the country rather than impaired by his formal defeat at the Whitsun Conference. What he said last Sunday in London had all his customary clarity of vision and his unusual commonsense. Looking to the post-war future in this island, he emphasised once again in his own way what Sir William Beveridge pointed out when he presented his Report. Security, as he has planned it, is perfectly feasible and well within our means, but only on two assumptions—that the national income is maintained at the present level or above it, while industry follows a policy of full employment. Mr. Morrison said what comes in effect to the same thing when he defined the financial policy which promises security. It must aim at stability in the price level. It must be expansive and not restrictive, with full employment and an increase of the national income as its aim. Finally, we must work to a financial plan, draw up a scheme of priorities and decide how to spend our money.

Mr. Morrison chose words of a disarming simplicity. Put in this way, few of his readers and none of his hearers would dissent from these requirements. But they raise, none the less, the whole issue of power in our capitalist society. Something can be done by the appropriate financial techniques to ensure not merely a stable price level but an expanding national income, if an enlightened Treasury still controls the credit system as adequately as it does to-day. But that is only the beginning, nor would Lord Keynes, as the leading theorist and practitioner, himself claim more for it. Powerful as credit control may be, it is not omnipotent. The Treasury will labour in vain to promote expansion if the vast concentrations of capital in the leading industries are under monopolies which aim at restricted output and high prices, as long as they dominate labour by keeping in being a big reserve of the unemployed. Again, we must have not only a quantitative but a qualitative control over new investments. As Mr. Morrison put it, "we must draw up a scheme of priorities." A due proportion must be observed between the production of capital goods and consumers' goods. Again we must be able, for example, to direct it, as Vice-President Wallace proposes, into such channels as the equipment of the backward agricultural countries for an advance into the industrial age.

The problem of power now confronts us on two fronts. The more important of the monopolist combinations are international in their scope and composition, notably in such decisive, progressive industries as steel and chemicals. For these any adequate control must also be international, and the same thing may be said about investment. How far that may be feasible depends on Washington and Wall Street. When we turn to the national problem we become at once aware of the limits which prudence or modesty set to our own ambitions. In its bolder moments the Labour Party talks quite liberally about socialising the railways, the coal mines, and electricity: occasionally it dares to add the land. So much is practical politics. It is only in its more academic and speculative moods, which grow rarer as it grows older, that it ever speaks of socialising steel or chemicals or the manufacture of electrical equipment and machine tools. Yet these are to-day the decisive industries, the keys to wealth and power, as tactics may be to-morrow. In one way or another these will have to be "controlled." For this Mr. Morrison paved the way in a well-directed offensive. These monopolies have lost all claim to be classed as private enterprises.

The basic question is, then: "Who will control industry?" "Will?" We are tempted to go back a step or two. Who, even in the heat of the national battle for survival, does control industry? In nearly every instance the men chosen to run the wartime controls were taken automatically and as a matter of course from the upper ranks of Big Business. The monopolists control the monopolies. What reason is there to suppose that after the war such controllers will impose on their colleagues of yesterday policies directed to public, not sectional or individual interests? Sharing office with the Tories, Labour could not affect the choice of the controllers. Even if it were in office alone, it would come up against the disconcerting fact that the tendency of the Trades Unions is to adopt a policy of close collaboration with monopolist Big Business, in the role of junior partner. It is not for us quite clear, then, on what forces or on what strategic combination Mr. Morrison relies to impose controls which will operate in an expansionist sense. All we can say so far is that his mind is moving consciously and in our view, rightly, at a New Deal for Britain.

CHINA AND THE PACIFIC

Next week's meeting in the Albert Hall to pay tribute to the seven years of Chinese resistance to Japan is in one respect a unique occasion. Mr. Eden and the Chinese Ambassador will speak on behalf of two nations whose legal equality has only recently been recognised, by the agreement that formally ends the "unequal treaties" which have been the embittering badge of China's "semi-colonial" status. If Mr. Eden rises to the height of his opportunity, he may do something to dissipate from the minds of the Chinese people the suspicion that, in spite of legal change, the governing class of this country is still thinking of the Pacific primarily as an area in which Britain may again hog a specially large share of economic and political advantage. It is undeniable that in spite of genuine efforts to create the concept of equal and united nations, the relations of China and Britain have not improved during the last two years.

In estimating the causes of this worsening of relations we must recall not the misdeeds of the nineteenth century (though the Chinese have not so easily forgotten them as the British), but also the more recent disappointments which China has suffered. We must recall that up to the date of Pearl Harbour, Britain and America were neutrals in the Sino-Japanese war just as they both had been during the Manchurian war ten years earlier, and that neutrality meant in practice that Japan was able to utilise her trading position to buy from America and Britain the oil, the scrap iron and other materials of war, without which she could not have killed millions of Chinese people. After Pearl Harbour the Chinese drew breath. The day of relief seemed to have arrived; they no longer fought alone. They had as allies the two greatest maritime and trading nations of the world. Disillusion swiftly followed; the blow to the American Navy, the swift loss of the Dutch East Indies, of Malay and Burma had the result of further isolating China, while the declaration that the German part of the war must be won before full attention could be paid to the Pacific had in China an effect that we, who are accustomed to thinking primarily in European terms, could not understand.

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt had, in fact, no alternative; strategically they were right in holding that to devote equal attention to the Eastern and Western theatres of war at the same time was to run grave risk of losing both wars. But in Chungking the perspective was different. The prospect of victory was indefinitely postponed; the amount of aid ludicrously inadequate; aeroplanes, which alone can now reach China, arrived in the smallest numbers; even the loans that came from Britain were hedged with restrictions that disinclined the Chinese to making full use of them.

The effect of disillusion, prolonged war and economic hardship (which has now reached the most savage proportions) have been serious within China itself. It would be idle to pretend that the unity that was so remarkable and novel a feature of China during the earlier days of the war has been sustained. The antagonism, always latent in Chungking towards the Communist armies of the North, has grown, and to-day the Eighth Route Army is effectively cut off from the main army of Chiang Kai-shek. Seldom, if ever, does any share even of the medical supplies that reach Chungking from the Western Democracies find its way to the Eighth Route Army. Nor have all the reforming and democratising tendencies that were so heartening a feature of China's resistance to Japan been wholly sustained. The Industrial Co-operatives, best fruit of local and democratic effort, survive and still flourish in many parts, but they do so under handicaps and in conditions of struggle. Shortage of goods has brought a recrudescence of corruption, the age-long evil of Chinese administration. Government edicts and the Chinese press are both sufficient evidence of the growth of widespread black market operations. Tension and economic hardships have had in some circles a demoralising effect.. Against all these bad tendencies the Generalissimo himself has struggled with a force and skill that is beyond praise, and he has behind him the solid support of the millions of harassed but never complaining Chinese people. If Chiang Kai-shek is open to criticism it is that he is slow, according to Chinese (and British) custom, to rid himself of personalities who would be better in retirement.

We break the accustomed silence about the less happy tendencies in the China of 1943, because we believe that much can be done from outside to aid the Generalissimo in countering them. They are the product of war strain and hardship. They will only be fully met when the Japanese are driven from Chinese soil. But every visitor who returns from China emphasises that an important contributing factor is the distrust that has grown in China of the future intentions of the Western Powers, especially of Britain. This distrust is sedulously increased by Japanese propaganda and by those in China who wish to destroy the international feeling which was a growing and hopeful sign of China's life, and to substitute a view narrowly nationalistic in its foreign outlook and selfishly reactionary in its home policy. Successful action against the Japanese by the West would be the quickest remedy; after the failure of the recent British effort in Burma, however, it is clear that China must wait at least until 1944 for full military aid. But that does not mean that nothing can be done to-day to assure the Chinese that her Western Allies will be, when the day of full aid arrives, Allies for the peace and for the future and not merely Allies bent on restoring their own position in the Far East.

For this reason we particularly welcome the report, now printed in this country, of the proceedings of the recent Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It records what was in many ways a remarkable series of discussions. The British delegation was unofficial, but its composition and utterances showed that it did not speak without responsibility. Delegates were present from the United States, the Dominions, China, Fighting French, India, Korea, the Netherland Indies, the Philippines and Thailand. Inevitably the two main issues were the relations of Western capitalism to the Pacific nations now at war or occupied by Japan, and the relations between the two great capitalist Powers which fight as Allies with China against Japan.

The Chinese delegate saw that foreign capital would be needed to rebuild China, but only if the financial and technical assistance were given "without political implications." On many points the Indian and Chinese delegates were naturally in agreement. They asked for an organisation of the war effort to correspond with the concept of "equal partnership," and before long discussion turned on the future of the peoples whose territory is now occupied by Japan. The weakness of the Conference necessarily lay in the absence of anyone effectively to represent the millions of colonial people in different stages of industrial and cultural development who may not yet be sure that Japanese occupation is necessarily a greater threat to their independence than the return of their former masters.

At this Conference Britain showed a new awareness of this problem. The speech of Lord Hailey, leader of the British delegation, was a real advance on any previous utterance by a responsible British spokesman. If Lord Hailey met with suspicion that was the inevitable inheritance of the past. "It is true," as the Report neatly puts it, "there was little of the facile and exaggerated praise for the beauty and wisdom of the inherited ways of life with which occidentals have in the past so often condoned the low living standards of native peoples in this part of the world." So far, so good. But will these same broken nations be willing to face with equanimity the changes in their Balance Sheets which may result from justice to these "native peoples?" If, as the British delegation said with great emphasis, it was they who planted the tree of liberty in Indian and Burmese soil, then the more the native peoples desired to pluck the fruit, the greater the success of British rule. Lord Hailey's scheme to set up a Pacific Council in which the liberated peoples of South-Eastern Asia might have a real chance to co-operate, was the first effort to define an Asiatic policy. If Mr. Eden could restate this British view in more concrete language, and, if, at the same time, he could concede China's demand for an equal status on the various planning committees of the United Nations to-day, he would have done something substantial towards improving our relations with China and for the future of many millions in the Pacific.

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RUSSIAN BELIEVERS AND THE WAR

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE fate of the Russian Church reflects the course of the Russian revolution. In Tsarist Russia the Church was by far the largest landowner (apart from the Tsar himself), and by no means the most progressive. It shared the struggle and the defeat of the Whites. The Bolsheviks saw no reason to deal with Church-property differently from other *latifundia*, and the Church estates were confiscated along with the rest. Strict separation between Church and School was a fundamental tenet of any socialist policy. But it was the specific function of the Church as the main propagandist agency of landlord reaction and as the main obstacle to educational activities that gave rise to special "anti-God" propaganda and to the fact that Soviet adult education activities, to a very large extent, were concerned with stamping out that primitive belief in miracles upon which traditional Russian faith was based.

The campaign drew away from the Church the bulk of the industrial population and the most progressive strata of the village. But it did not succeed in destroying the influence of the Church, especially in the country and among the older generation. The Church remained a powerful factor even in purely worldly matters as can be seen from the measures that the Soviet Government employed against it in 1929, during the campaign for agricultural collectivisation: ecclesiastical organisations were prohibited from owning or organising economic enterprises, such as co-operatives as well as charities and educational organisations, except for institutions for training their clergy. This deprived the churches of their income (apart from the contributions of the believers) and brought to an end the independent economic existence of monasteries in a disguised form. It also cut off the churches from influencing the everyday life of believers by controlling their co-operatives as had been done particularly by the Mennonites among the Volga-Germans. In general, these measures hit not only the Orthodox Church but also the other ecclesiastical organisations, which had been suppressed under the Tsarist regime. Mennonites among the Volga-Germans, Mohammedans in Central Asia and many other religious groups had been delivered from oppression by the Revolution, along with the peasantry of the respective nationalities, and they enjoyed a remarkable degree of prosperity during the years of the "New Economic Policy." But, defending the traditional way of life of these nationalities they opposed collectivisation of agriculture. It was for this reason that the Soviet broke the Mennonite co-operative and educational organisation, as the stronghold of *bourgeois* nationalism among the Volga-Germans, and defended the emancipation of women against the resistance of the Mohammedan Church. It is against this background of revolutionary social and economic change that all stories of incidental acts of violence must be judged.

The 1936 Constitution distinguished between freedom *of worship*, granted to the adherents of all religious faiths, and freedom *of propaganda* as granted to rationalists. In the East where religious denomination is in many cases a mere synonym for nationality, freedom to proselytise would be very likely to lead to friction between the peoples of the U.S.S.R. Certainly the Soviet, when enacting such legislation, still thought of the Churches as potential political opponents. Indeed, during the campaign for the first elections under the new Constitution some bishops and priests were arrested for attempts to form a political, ecclesiastical party.

Now the War has achieved during a few months what otherwise could have been completed only in the course of many years of peaceful reconstruction: the absorption of a traditionally backward, and potentially oppositional, organisation into the main stream of national life. A highly interesting document illustrating this evolution has just been published by the Russian Orthodox Church itself. It is a large volume containing a collection of official documents, sermons and articles published by the Church up to the middle of 1942 on the situation of the Church in Russia.*

First of all, the book gives an impressive picture of the war-effort and of the sufferings of the Soviet peoples, all the more impressive because it does not originate from those strata of Soviet society whence the outstanding feats of heroism are to be expected. It is not the Russian youth, but the old-fashioned, rather traditionalist type of Russian whom you are meeting in this book. The illustrations show congregations made up of women, most of them villagers, with a sprinkling of elderly men. It is still the old type of simple Russian faith that these people adhere. A learned bishop, in his contribution to the book, may compare the general emotion following the word "Christ is risen" with an electric spark. The average believer, of whom the authors proudly speak, dedicates candles to the patron saint of his or her beloved one at the front.

As regards the present situation of the Russian Church certain facts immediately become evident from the book. Among the co-authors are three professors of state-universities, and one leading woman artist. None of the professors represents a field of knowledge closely connected with politics—the Soviet has never denied that it intends political education to be given by adherents of its own political philosophy. But, at least, it shows that it is possible in the U.S.S.R to be a university professor, and, at the same time, to be a leading participant in the self-government of the Church-communities. In an official message to the believers the Archbishop of Leningrad speaks of "reserve funds of the Church communities, in some cases amounting even to some hundred thousand roubles," part of which the believers rightly desire to be devoted to the defence fund. Further collections among the congregations amounted in Moscow alone, at the 24th anniversary of the Red Army, to one and a half million roubles. Sunday congregations of thousands must be quite usual and to render the traditional Easter-midnight service possible the military authorities removed the curfew preventing mass movements of people during the hours of greatest air-raid danger. The decision was risky, and, indeed, in Leningrad, use was made by the Germans of this night for an extraordinarily heavy air-raid.

These facts may help us to understand the statements of the head of the Church, Acting Patriarch Sergey, on the disestablishment. In his view it did not imply any kind of persecution, apart, of course, from prosecution of individual ecclesiastics for political anti-Soviet activities. But disestablishment meant the abolition of economic privileges which the clergy and ecclesiastical institutions formerly enjoyed, and it "removed all obstacles that artificially prevented people from leaving the Church, so that all our merely nominal members left us." These changes in the external position of the Church explain why many ecclesiastics resisted the Soviet power in the political field, with the result described abroad as "religious persecutions in the U.S.S.R". But, from the point of view of the simple believer, Patriarch Sergey declares such facts are "not oppression, but rather a return to the apostolic times, when the Church and its servants followed their true vocation . . and did not deem their office a profession intended to earn their living". From such a point of view the Archbishop of Saratov, in an interview, December 24, 1941, met the obstinate questions of the correspondent of Associated Press as to the ways in which the Church was oppressed, and what changes it desired after the end of the war, with the reply that no change in State-Church relations was needed, because the Church was completely satisfied with its existing status. The Russian church enjoys no privileges of any kind. But the Soviet state does not interfere with its belief or with its spiritual life.

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of old men who have experienced Tsarist Erastianism as well as Soviet disestablishment, when they declare that they prefer the latter from the point of view of anyone who has any sincere belief. Probably they would like the official interpretation of the disestablishment, in due course, to develop towards an attitude of complete neutrality of the State towards the metaphysical faith of its citizens. But they certainly know that the State can regard religious issues as irrelevant only when it can rely on complete and unconditional loyalty of Church and churchmen, and that this loyalty must be proved especially against all attempts to interfere from outside with the domestic affairs of Russia. Proud Russians as they are the authors denounce as traitors not only those émigré bishops who in this or that form helped the Nazi invasion, but also those American Orthodox ecclesiastics who describe the present war as a "punishment" for the alleged sin which the Russian people committed by its revolution. Proud Churchmen as they are, the authors clearly reject the idea of asking for any kind of reward for doing what they accept as their national and Christian duty. In his pastoral letter of June 22nd, 1941, Patriarch Sergey said: "The Church needs pastors who do their duty truly 'for the sake of Jesus, not for a piece of bread'. Innumerable thousands of orthodox warriors have gone the way of self-sacrifice . . . they have died, without thinking of glory, they have died because they knew that the fatherland needed their sacrifice . . ." Evidently the Church stands for Russia, "eternal Russia," and the Soviet system is accepted as its present political form.

Identification of the fate of the Church with the fate of its flock is the fundamental argument by which Patriarch Sergey establishes the Church's position of unconditional patriotism. Throughout all the sermons and documents reprinted in the book runs, like a red thread, the identification of Russia's national fate, through a thousand years, with that of the Church, and its expression in terms of the Church's hagiography. Even more, the one point in which there is an evident political divergence between the authors and official Soviet ideology is their neglect of the multi-national character of the U.S.S.R.—evidently an inheritance of the times when the Church was a centralist, Russifying power within the State. Thus Patriarch Sergey, in an official pronouncement, even speaks—in clear contradiction to Soviet Constitutional Law—of the "return of Western Ukraine and White Russia into *Russia*," in 1939. It is hardly necessary to state that he, with all his fellow-ecclesiastics, were very proud of this event even from the purely ecclesiastical point of view.

The language which non-Communist Russians speak to-day will help us to understand Stalin's policies during recent years. He has re-emphasised the national tradition of Russian history—and now, in this book, the bishops often speak a language hardly differing from that of the official Soviet textbooks on history except in the sources of quotations. There are even some sources from which, now, the Church is as ready to quote as the Soviet: Pushkin, Lermontov and even Bjelinsky, Tolstoy and Gorky are quoted as expressions of the national spirit. The Church, declares that no one himself has to look for the Cross, that to every man and every people its share in suffering will be attributed by Providence out of the evils existing in the World, but that out of the sufferings and the deeds of the Russian people a better day for humanity will arise.

* *The Truth About Religion in Russia.* Published by the Moscow Patriarchate, 1942, under the joint editorship of Nikolai Janukhevich, Archbishop of Kiev, Prof. G. E. Georgievsky, and Archpriest A. P. Smirnov (in Russian).

A LONDON DIARY

DOUBT if we shall ever again see the centre of London as beautiful as it is this summer. Much that was ugly, as well as some that was irreplacably lovely, has been destroyed. Bombs have created unexpected and delightful views; St. Paul's stands out as St. Peter's does in Rome and one can see it to great advantage from distant open spaces, notably from a spot in Fetter Lane. Many hideous buildings make quite respectable ruins. From the rubble purple willow herb grows luxuriantly, and in one place I know of bracken is sprouting out of sandbags. The innumerable fires which Mr. Morrison has given us as safeguards against fire are an immense improvement on the houses whose places they take, and in one place at least have attracted wild ducks. Outside this building they are tame as in the farmyard, and in Victoria Street a brood of ducklings has grown up comfortably from a nest in the rubble. Above all, for the first time in our lives, there is a sense of space and air in London, and these are the first essentials of all fine town planning. But perhaps we shall not in rebuilding pack our place again with ill-planned buildings with the object of making the highest rents for the landlords?

* * *

Almost any of the Belgian soldiers with whom I spent the week-end could have told exciting stories of life in occupied Belgium and of the risks run in finding their way to this country. But these were not the things they wanted to talk about. They wanted to ask questions, whether at the Queens Trust meetings arranged by the British Council or in groups and private conversations. One section bombarded me with questions about post-war Europe and the same issues were raised by eager soldiers after a public session in which the questions ranged from "British hypocrisy" to the "Future of Women." Officers, N.C.O.s and privates all wanted to discuss the position of the small nations after the war. They usually started by expressing a fear that the German hordes would again be let loose in the world unless the allies found some way of maintaining their occupation. They took different views about Russia; they were not under the illusion that America would be a permanent European Power and they were quite unwilling to regard a union with France as any real safeguard. The events of 1940 have shown a sharp division there which only time will cure. On what combination then did they rely? Always it came back to Britain; and when I pointed out the limitations of Britain as a Continental policeman, I discovered that most of them realised that small nations cannot stand alone and that some form of federation, primarily economic, is the path of future wisdom. When I asked if they wanted to return to the *status quo ante* I received a unanimous assurance that no one any longer thought or wanted anything so impossible. Meanwhile these men live an isolated life in exile, training hard for the day when the liberation of their country is possible, and they have at least this compensation—to which I can testify from personal experience—that their cooks make better meals out of the ordinary army rations than anyone used to British cooking would have thought possible.

* * *

In every discussion of joint economic institutions for Europe the story of the Tennessee Valley Authority at once becomes apt. How far can this technique of improving the standard of life and making unity when before there was a chaos of private rivalries be applied to the more difficult conditions of Europe? Those who want to examine the point in detail had better begin by reading Julian Huxley's account of the T.V.A. in the beautifully produced and illustrated issue of the *Architectural Review* for June, 1943. I cannot too highly recommend this publication.

Strangely enough, many of the Conservatives who make a fuss when Priestley is asked to broadcast would be genuinely surprised to know that three-quarters of the Talks which they regard as non-political are quite as offensive to forward-looking minds as Priestley's Talks are to them. It may be that the only way of making them understand is to organise counter-protests against the broadcasts they think desirable. They would be surprised at the volume of criticism that would result. I should regard this as a remedy to be avoided, if possible. But it may be that nothing less will suffice to bring home to these strange people that the B.B.C. must have a policy of controversial broadcasting.

* * *

I feel slightly embarrassed when Stephen King-Hall asks me to be a "Friend of Hansard." I expect next to be asked to be a Friend of the Post Office or the Ministry of Information. But I am wholeheartedly in agreement with King-Hall in trying to popularise Hansard, and I could myself add stories of the surprise that people who start reading Hansard feel when they discover that to anyone capable of doing a bit of skipping, it makes absorbing reading.

* * *

A correspondent writes to complain that a great deal of confusion exists about the meaning of "Vansittartite" and says, quite truly, that the Labour Conference debate really turned on the fact that some members of the Party Executive have associated themselves with the so-called "Fight for Freedom" group whose policy and declarations are designed to undermine the international attitude adopted towards Germany and the war as a whole in former Labour declarations. He points out that the distinction is well drawn in a declaration headed *Towards a Lasting Peace* to which a number of organisations and individuals have put their signatures. Those who are interested in this declaration should write to the Declaration Secretary, Progressive League, 7 Lancaster Grove, N.W.3.

* * *

The effect of reticence where there should be frankness was well illustrated, I thought, by the answers to questions on venereal disease in a recent Gallup Poll. To the question, "Do you approve of the Government's campaign against V.D.?" 87 per cent. of those who were asked, replied, "Yes"—the most emphatic expression of opinion on any of the thirteen topics covered by the Survey. But the answer to the supplementary question, "Is there anything more you think might be done against V.D.?" produced the answer, "No" from 30 per cent. And yet only 2 per cent. thought the appropriate remedy was "less immorality," i.e., presumably the recommendation to stop the growth of V.D. by the cessation of extra-marital intercourse. What then is the position of those who welcome the Government publicity campaign, do not believe that Puritanism in itself can be effective and yet do not want any further measures? I take it that almost everyone would be glad if, in addition to the information already given in the present publicity campaign, the Government supplied sensible information, that is now withheld, about prophylactics.

* * *

As an undergraduate I looked at Stephen Gaselee first with bewilderment, then awe, and finally with amusement. The don who went in to dine in the Hall, wearing a top hat and gown over a frock coat, check trousers, a yellow brocade waistcoat, high at the neck and low at the waist,, brown shoes, claret socks, sometimes enclosed in spats—here was something rich and strange. Then I was told about his great erudition in Coptic and in the less decent passages of the later Latin writers. One day he gave me from his notebook the date and column of the *Times* in which a printer's compositor, under notice, revenged himself by inserting an indecency which the *Times* has never managed wholly to withdraw. (I duly found the passage in the bound copy in the Union Society library). I was told that he drank every year to the health of the Stuarts. At this point I decided that Gaselee was only affectation. In later years, when I knew him as Librarian at the Foreign Office, I revised my undergraduate views. Certainly the affectation was there, but so was a genuinely interesting personality who could talk about many subjects with originality and knowledge. Politically I found him very easy to get on with; and on many unexpected points we were in agreement. There is a point at which the ritualist who cultivates a past age meets a reformer, and Gaselee at times talked like a revolutionary. We were at one in detesting many current conventions and many aspects of commercial democracy. The last time I saw Gaselee, he was discussing how many waistcoats he ought to have put on on the particular day in question. He never wore an overcoat, but added or subtracted waistcoats according to the temperature. But we also had an admirable conversation on the psychology of monarchy, the function of education and the future of Europe.

* * *

I once pointed out that the most patriotic thing to do with money is to leave it in the bank, where the Government uses it without paying the interest that makes War Savings Certificates so peculiarly attractive a form of patriotism. Apart from their political value to the Conservative Party at the end of the war, the point of all these savings campaigns is to persuade people not to consume unnecessarily. That they make not a jot of difference to the actual number of 'planes or tanks produced is becoming, it seems, obvious even to the supposedly simple villager. In one village I know of, the gentry stimulated enthusiasm by putting up such tempting objects as a lemon or a bottle of whisky to be "auctioned" for savings. The villagers winked at each other, drew out the certificates they had bought not long ago in "Warships Week" so that they could make a bid in "Wings for Victory Week." They know that it makes no difference to the war and why not get a lemon for nothing? CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Arthur Kellard:

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Sensational "Safeguard" Method.—Shows you how to back two horses so that when they win you are on both, but if they lose you are not on either.—Advertiser in *Exchange and Mart*.

Great chords like lumps of rock were hurled at the audience while the orchestra thundered, followed by dazzling passage work or the sweetest of piano music.—*South Wales Evening Post*.

A stone coffin, believed to contain the remains of King Sweyn, Canute's father, which lay neglected for 35 years in the gasworks yard at Thetford, Norfolk, is to be reinterred at The Canons, Thetford.—*Daily Telegraph*.

People continue to lunch and dine out, in and out of uniform.—*Tatler*.

Lady would like to meet gentleman about 40, in view to games.—Personal column, *Southport Visiter*.

Thanks to that famous Dickensian expert, Mr. Walter Dexter, this edition includes a full collection of Dickens's letters, hundreds of which have never before been published. As the old saying was, no gentleman's library will be complete without this set—indeed, to possess it will be proof of true gentility.—*Booksellers' Catalogue*.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE

C.E.M.J.: "You know, G.B.S., I am and have always been one of your most enthusiastic disciples. I grew up in a world, the world of 1910-1914, in which all advanced young men who knew what politically was what acknowledged you as their natural leader. Socialism seemed just round the corner, a corner which, marching gaily under the Shavian banner, we were about to turn. For me, then, and for many like me, you were never just a playwright who succeeded in producing plays which were more or less entertaining; you were a philosopher and a prophet who preached the gospel of a new world. While doing so, you had incidentally shown yourself to be the best critic, the best prose writer, the best pamphleteer, the best platform speaker, and the most continuously amusing wit of the age. Nor have the thirty years that have since elapsed shown us your equal in any one of these departments. This verdict is amply borne out by Hesketh Pearson's book, from the pages of which you emerge as large as life and, if possible, twice as natural."

G.B.S.: "Yes, it is a good biography. I wrote most of it myself."

C.E.M.J. (lyrically): "What a stream of ideas, what a flow of wit, what speeches, what letters, what gorgeous conversations and, as a consequence, what exhilaration in the reader who gets a glimpse of life lived at a higher potential than he has known in himself or his fellows. This, he feels regretfully, is how my life too might have been. You see, G.B.S., any incident that happens to you, any anecdote of which you are the subject is ten times gayer and more amusing than any incident in or anecdote about the life of anybody else. A great wind of the spirit blows through the book, and by the time he has got to the end of it he must be a very dull dog of a reader, if a breath or two has not found its way into him. . . . And yet, and yet, when I put it down I was sensible of a feeling of depression."

G.B.S.: "A dull dog, eh?"

C.E.M.J.: "Not at all. My depression was rooted not in me, but in the times. It was the contrast between the effort and its result that depressed me. Such an appearance of achievement, so vast a listening public, so apparently respectful a world—and then look at the world! In spite of its attention, in spite of its apparent respect, it is so far from giving heed to what you told it that it has gone consistently from bad to worse ever since you began to address it. Now, taught by you, I have always believed in the power of ideas—that 'What a man thinks determines what he does,' and so on. Yet, here are ideas, the ideas of the Shavian philosophy, put over with all the force and vivacity of a genius for publicity, winning sweeping victories in the field intellectual, yet producing apparently absolutely no effect anywhere else."

G.B.S.: "I deluged the public with novelties. You cannot expect my gospel to be assimilated in a mere sixty years or so by a race as incorrigibly thick-headed as the English."

C.E.M.J.: "But they *have* assimilated it, or so they believe. The young maintain that they know all your ideas inside out, and regard you as an entertaining old buffer announcing period-piece platitudes and striking period-piece attitudes."

G.B.S. (chuckling): "That is because they owe whatever they have got in the way of minds to me. I have tinted the intellectual spectacles of this generation, so, naturally enough, when they look out on the world they see everything in my colours. It is the Nemesis that waits upon the man who tells the truth for the first time that after a time people think they have always known what he told them."

C.E.M.J.: "Perhaps. But you are evading the main point which is the spectacle presented by the contemporary world. How much of your teaching do you suppose has been learnt by the world to-day? And by 'learnt' I don't only mean accepted in theory, but acted on in practice."

G.B.S.: "Far more than you seem to think. I taught that poverty is the greatest evil—an evil that no State should permit in its citizens. I added that every citizen should insist upon having money, even if he had to beg, borrow, steal, and generally make himself a social nuisance until he got it. Well, the Beveridge Report concedes the point. It also concedes a second—that in a modern community we are all members of one another in so intimate a sense that the misery and degradation of one are the misery and degradation of all. We have, all of us, as citizens, a collective responsibility for each of us, a fact which Social Insurance, on the latest Beveridge model, very properly recognises. And that is not the end of it. Do you remember the fuss I made about equality of income, the only kind of equality, I argued in the *Intelligent Woman's Guide*, that really mattered? Well, what about Beveridge's proposal to pay all benefits (except for Workmen's Compensation) at the same rate, irrespective of the amount of a man's earnings? Whose teaching inspired that proposal, I should like to know, if it was not mine? Have you read the Labour Party's pamphlet on the *Old World and the New Society*?"

C.E.M.J.: "I have glanced at it."

G.B.S.: "Have you indeed! Very good of you, I'm sure. If you were to take the trouble to read it properly, instead of merely glancing at it, you would find it full of Shavings. Take this one, for example, on education. 'We have to provide educational opportunities for all which ensure that our cultural heritage is denied to none.' Equality again, you see!"

C.E.M.J.: "But what sort of education are we —'we' being, I suppose, the State—to provide?"

G.B.S.: "Look up my Preface to *Misalliance* and you will see. Haven't I been careful to point out that 'Civic education does not mean education in blind obedience to authority, but education in controversy and liberty'?"

C.E.M.J.: "I dare say. But do the civic authorities agree? They don't in Germany."

G.B.S.: "You mustn't expect too much at once; I have always insisted that the pioneers must lead the way. Do you mean to tell me that when I set all the educational world by the ears with 'the vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character' the pioneers did not start pricking up their ears? Go to Dartington and see the admirable expression that they are there giving to the truth which I had, as usual, to over-state in order to startle the British public into paying attention. Dartington is setting a new standard in education which anybody who knows what's what will presently be only too eager to follow. What about Prison Reform? We no longer condemn men to lengthy periods of solitary confinement, or put them in chains for unsuccessful attempts to escape. Modesty forbids me to draw attention to the repeated hammering on both these points that I've kept up all through my career."

C.E.M.J.: "Yes, of course I agree that in a lot of small, incidental ways the world to-day is saner, more humane, and less prejudiced than when you began to preach to it, and I should be the last to belittle the share which your teaching has had in producing enlightenment.

"But it is at the overall picture that I would have you look. Who said, for example, 'a civilisation cannot progress without criticism, and must, therefore, to save itself from stagnation and putrefaction, declare impunity for criticism'? Do you find that *that* condition of civilisation is satisfied in the contemporary world? Or, again, 'progress depends on our refusal to use brutal means even if they are efficacious.' How much progress do you discern within the terms of your own definition? And what of your religion? You postulated no original creative God, and did not, therefore, have the problem of Evil on your hands; your universe created itself as it went along, and the creative energy that drove it might one day, you conceived, produce a God. Meanwhile the farthest that you could see in that direction was the Ancients. Does anybody, I ask you, show the slightest signs of accepting that religion? The scientists repudiate it, denying the inheritance of acquired characteristics which it entai and the primacy of mind which it pre-suppose The young will have none of it; they are st living in the waste lands strewn with the debr of the idols you cast down, but they show a tendency whatever to set up the gospel of t Life Force in their place. It is part of my j to hear them talk of these things, and I can assu you that this is so. Nor does the Life Force its make a sign; the folly and cruelty of man nev provoked it with a greater challenge to supersed him, but it gives no indication of doing so. It too much, I dare say, to expect an Ancient, b the Life Force has not even screwed itself up the point of producing a Long Liver."

G.B.S.: "The Life Force, you will remembe proceeds by trial and error. Trial and error tak time. And as to the Long Livers, remember th I am eighty-seven and still going strong."

C.E.M.J.: "I am delighted to hear it. B suppose you were to begin all over again? D you think that you would have an easier job trying to knock some sense into the heads of th British public and to create an appetite for th drama of ideas than you had fifty years ago?"

G.B.S.: "My plays which fifty or sixty yea ago no manager would look at are now box-offic gilt-edged securities. They have even invade the cinema. Haven't you heard of the *Doctor Dilemma* and *Pygmalion*?"

C.E.M.J.: "That's because you are accepted a classic. I am asking you to envisage the comi of a new Shaw, whose ideas seem as outrageo to the world of to-day as yours were in the 'nin ties. Would he have any better reception?"

G.B.S.: "You forget there is a war on, an wars always run dramatically to legs and teeth."

C.E.M.J.: "But it was in the 'twenties th you yourself were apologising to posterity 'fo living in a country where the capacity and tast of schoolboys and sporting costermongers are th measure of Metropolitan culture.'"

G.B.S.: "That was twenty years ago."

C.E.M.J.: "Are we grown better since? Le me put the point in another way. Hesket Pearson's book contains an account of the funer of Thomas Hardy in 1928 when you and Kiplin and Gosse and Galsworthy and Barrie and A. E Housman acted as pall-bearers. A very intriguin account it is too. Now let us suppose that yo are dead, and that, by some caprice of offici taste, *your* remains are impounded to follow thos of Hardy into Westminster Abbey. Who woul there be to act as pall-bearers for *you*?"

G.B.S.: "What about yourself?"

C.E.M.J.: "Please be serious. I am suggest ing that concurrently with, and in spite of th popularity of your ideas which, as you say, tinte the whole intellectual outlook of a generation, process of de-civilisation has been at work in th world. In witness, I cite the decline in th general level of literary and dramatic taste, an the continuous erosion of the environment i which alone original thought and work in liter ture and art can be recognised and encourage You counter by telling me that the great man mu make his own way and create his own public, t you had to do. Very possibly, but where are th great men to do it? Where are the equivalent s pall-bearers in 1943? There's E. M. Forster, I suppose; Priestley, admitted rather grudging T. S. Eliot possibly, and Wells, if he is still alr and kicking and the Abbey will have him. O and of course there is Somerset Maugham, thoug I expect both Wells and Maugham would soon see themselves dead than set foot in the Abbey."

G.B.S.: "That's precisely what they will hav to do."

C.E.M.J.: "I beg you to be serious. My poi is that whatever you may think of my five, th are none of them chickens. Where are the ne men?"

G.B.S.: "You want too much for your mone Remember this is only the fag-end of a dialogu by you, in which, incidentally, I notice you hav given yourself all the best things to say. What yo want is an article by me."

C.E.M.J.: "By all means. Let us have it."

C. E. M. JOAD.

MR. SHAW RESPONDS

Joad's lyrical opening naturally pleases me. Being a born playwright I am also a born actor; and when Joad arrived, a born philosopher, in the glory of his adolescence, I was playing my part well enough to engage the hero-worship of youth, and impose myself on the susceptible as all that Joad says I was. I cannot impose on myself to the same pitch; but every actor likes to have his histrionic skill flattered, though he knows that the effect it has made is mostly illusory. I purr when I am kindly stroked, like any other lion.

Now let us get down to tin tacks. I am not at all dashed by the fact that my preachings and prophetisings, like those of the many sages who have said the same things before me, seem to have produced no political change—that, as Joad says, the world has been going from bad to worse since I gave tongue and pen. Now it is true that the England of Pecksniffs and Podsnaps has not become an England of Ruskins and Bernard Shaws. It is equally true, and far more deplorable, that government by adult suffrage has made democracy impossible. Now that the political ignorance of Everywoman has been enfranchised and added to the political ignorance and folly of Everyman, and government is by Anybody chosen by Everybody, both Joad and I may be thankful that we are at the mercy of Mr. Winston Churchill rather than of Titus Oates or Horatio Bottomley, to say nothing of living scarecrows. But the world does not consist wholly of Tewlers and Begonia Browns as depicted in fiction by H. G. Wells and myself. Whilst their world has been going from bad to worse the circulation of my books and the vogue of my plays has been increasing. Joad, who began as my disciple, throwing Darwin and Herbert Spencer, the leaders of "advanced" thought in the nineteenth century, into the dustbin, and banking on Butler and Bergson as the genuine evolutionists, has played me off the stage as a popular philosopher, and is actually a parliamentary candidate. This is not going from bad to worse but from bad to better, though I am deeply grieved to see my quondam disciple suicidally wasting his invaluable time trying to get into an institution in which he will be extinguished by the property system and its Party machine impregnably fortified by the votes of Tewler and Begonia. His proper political business is to unmask such mock-democratic shams, and make Parliament a simple Duma to ventilate the grievances of Tewler and Begonia, leaving qualified people to find the remedies. Our rulers must be chosen from the best panels of qualified people we can devise, and not picked up in the street like coroner's juries.

As to equality, Joad has not gone far enough into its practice. Stalin is as impatient of Equality Merchants, as he calls them, as of Trotskyist World Revolutionists, Currency Cranks, and, in general, Lefts who are never right. All I contributed to the ancient theme was that without sufficient equality of income to make all classes intermarriageable a stable society is impossible, and that the notion that merit can be equated with money by any sort of economic algebra is silly, and can be exploded by asking its dupes to prescribe in figures the ideal incomes for the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Joseph Louis. But to give everybody an equal share of the national income to-day would reduce us all to such overcrowded poverty that science, art, and philosophy would be impossible. Civilization would perish, and with it most of the people. In Russia they can maintain their socialism only by paying their directors and experts ten times as much as they can spare for the rank and file of the laborers. It is the business of the favored ones to work up production until there is enough to afford the tenfold figure for everybody. Then, and then only, can intermarriageable equality become possible; and when that is achieved nobody will bother more about mathematical equality of income than they do now in the rich sections where ten thousand a year can intermarry with fifty thousand without friction. Enough is enough: when there is plenty for everybody nobody will listen to the Exact Equality Merchants; and meanwhile they must be shoved out of the way as Stalin has shoved them.

So buck up, Joad: there is much to be done everywhere except in the House of Commons, from which may you be long preserved. There is only one deadly disease: discouragement. Even if the Soul of Man cannot march as far as your thought and mine can reach, the resources of the Holy Ghost are not yet demonstrably exhausted. If Man fails to do the trick, some more capable species will evolve and succeed.

When Ibsen was invited to assume a Party label he replied that he had both the Left and the Right in him, and was glad to have his ideas adopted by any Party. I find myself very much in the same position, and am sometimes surprised and amused, as I go farther and farther to the Left, to find that the world is round and that the extreme Left is the old Right with its nonsense and corruption cleaned off. What are the New Order, the Atlantic Charter, the International Council, the New Commonwealth, the Co-operative Commonwealth and the rest but the latest calls for a Holy Catholic Church? Stalin's mother was not far wrong when she tried to make him a priest, seeing that he has made himself a Pope more mighty than his Roman rival. I wonder has Joad ever asked himself how much he believes of the Apostles' Creed. In our nonage we should both have said "Not a word of it." But I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, and the Life Everlasting. Does Joad say Amen?

G. B. S.

AT THE "PROMS"

Any complaints one might have entertained, glancing ahead at the nights to come (Wagner on Mondays still? Of course) vanished at the first Frith-like sign of the Albert Hall. Not only the musical old favourites have come back, but the opera-glasses in boxes, the sandalled and the bearded in the arena. Within a few moments, on Thursday, an elderly man had fainted and been carried out: hardly from musical shock, for Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture was being played. But Thursday was, in fact, an occasion. The second item on the programme was Dr. Vaughan Williams's new symphony in D, which the composer himself conducted. It is a quietly momentous work; the quietness, by the way, emphasised partly by Vaughan Williams's conducting and by that bandaging of sound which at the Albert Hall has now largely replaced hurtling echoes. Reflective, rapt, lyrical and austere, like the later Yeats, or like Sibelius, to whom this symphony is "dedicated without permission." The programme mentions that some of the themes come from an unfinished opera, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and goes on to suggest affinities with *Job*, but the influence—without to any large extent detracting from the originality of the music—is Sibelian. Almost at once there comes what might be termed a lengthy citation, subtly given different tones, from the third movement of Sibelius's Sixth Symphony, and the same sustained reminiscence reappears in the final Passacaglia. Number Six is the loveliest and most essential of Sibelius's symphonies, and a similar place, one feels, will probably be accorded to this latest (number five) among the symphonies of Vaughan Williams. Like Sibelius, he has turned to a small orchestra; wood-wind and muted strings, with an occasional swoop of brass, discipline the mood. After a first and rather distant hearing of a work meant for smaller audiences, it is difficult to be sure of one's ground. Lovely and assured, for the most part, this music certainly is, with an exultant undertone, but one wonders if the whole mood is not too unrelievedly *andante*. A few details boggle. Do the time changes in the scherzo add to or take away from the rhythm of the movement, and is there at moments a lack of clarity in the beautiful Romanza? How far, especially, is the Sibelian quotation absorbed by its context? Impossible to say, for we know the quotation too well (it carries very distinct memories), and this new symphony not well enough. What is beyond question is that Symphony in D will rank high in its composer's achievement and in English music in general. Its appearance in the middle of a war fought to defend culture is a powerful argument for our cause, and its performance at a "Prom"—musically speaking, the worst possible setting—peculiarly and touchingly native. The B.B.C. should give a second, and preferably a studio, performance of this symphony, so that we can enjoy it more precisely, as soon as possible.

G. W. Stonier

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Greater London Exhibition at the National Gallery.

The Royal Institute of British Architects with an admirable sense of professional responsibility appointed a committee to consider the rebuilding of London. After two years' work this committee has prepared an outline draft towards a "master plan." A number of maps are on show until the end of next week at the National Gallery, illustrating the interim report which is on sale there. The L.C.C. plan is due to be published soon, and then we hope to review the various possibilities. The R.I.B.A. committee's scheme deserves the most careful attention. They suggest that each district in Greater London should be made a self-contained unit, with shopping-centre and residential area separated from the industrial area; that each of these units should be enclosed in a ring of park, through which all the main roads out of London should run. The replanning of the railway system is ingenious, and the plan allows for an airfield on the Isle of Dogs. The plan involves an immense amount of demolition and rebuilding, and would presumably take half a century to complete, for it is essential to take a long view. The only criticism that occurs at a first examination is one of detail. Why destroy Carlton House Terrace and the southern side of Pall Mall, when these are the best examples of dignified planning left in the West End?

THE MOVIES

"This Land is Mine," at the Tivoli.
"Russian Guerillas," at the Tatler.

It was with some dismay, after my strong recommendation of the Renoir film last week, to read some of the notices it got. Except for the *Times* critic and Mr. Alan Dent, both of whom thought as highly of the film as I did, condemnation was general. *This Land is Mine* seemed to me at the press view, to be not only much the best pictorial treatment of the occupation theme that we have had, but an admirable and moving film in its own right. To check impressions I went again.

This film does, I maintain, show far more understanding of the occupation than any other film or play of its kind. With its brilliant opening shots of the Nazis marching in—the crouching figure of the war memorial will be remembered, surely, even by those who have disliked the film—it establishes reality and a mood which, despite later flamboyancies of acting, is sustained by harsh photography. Soldiers pack the square; in the town hall the Nazi colonel and the Mayor meet to shake hands; a slight hesitation is succeeded by the masonic look of their position and class. Their "collaboration" begins, and it is worked out in subtle twinges and acts of betrayal. "Be reasonable," says the Colonel; he is reasonable himself, and many of the citizens who live under threat of starvation find it best to be reasonable too. The railway director (George Sanders) has always fought trade unions, and welcomes the new order which will assert authority and abolish unions. The schoolmaster (Charles Laughton), a mother's darling, is afraid and turns away from such dangers as the independent paper *Liberty* thrust under the door. The grocer starts a black market, the hôtelier sells more champagne to Nazi officers than he has ever sold before, and among the town girls those who go with the Germans can laugh at those who don't. The working class have been made over into slavery and it's in the interests of the middle class to "defend" their town, to collaborate. When acts of violence and underground resistance begin many of these

people are shocked and afraid. But the resistance grows and acquiescence falters; a collaborationist or two drop like rotten pears. That seems to me the truth about the situation after defeat, and for the first time a film has shown it to us.

The railway director shoots himself; the schoolmaster, from being a funk who sobs in air raids, learns courage. Laughton's performance, obviously, is not to all tastes, but it seems to me that this squid-like and yet amiable lump, who discovers sparks in himself, could not be better acted; in his progress from scared acquiescence to calm defiance, he is given fantastic twirls, some of them effective (the hubbub, for example, over the first cigarette), others stuck on, like a cadenza, for Laughton's sake: it is a pity, after his magnificent speech in court that he should turn to address his girl, whose uplifted face, etc. These and other studio clichés show that Renoir hasn't been able to escape his Hollywood surroundings even in a film which contains so much honest emotion. It's easy to pick holes in his film, and other reviewers have done the picking. But for all its faults *This Land Is Mine* strikes the imagination, not once, but repeatedly.

Another, and much bloodier, film of occupation goes this week into the Tatler. Left to itself, I believe that *Russian Guerillas* would be a fairly successful, raw, and sometimes horrifying melodrama of the war behind the lines in Russia. But Mr. Herbert Marshall has taken it in hand, appears himself on the screen to introduce the characters, and then proceeds to talk down the Russian actors and actresses for the rest of the film. It may sound incredible, but that is what he does; they talk Russian and he talks English on top of them. He takes apparently all parts, and the range of his mimicry includes Cockney, the Haw-Haw snarl, squeaks for old men, and a hint of falsetto for women. When the heroine Natasha opens her mouth, it is the indefatigable Mr. Marshall who speaks. One thing, though, we must be thankful for, and that is that Mr. Marshall lets Natasha sing a song all by herself. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

MEIN GOODNESS! MEIN FORTRESS!

(After *Erlkönig*, by Goethe)

[Hitler has just returned from a visit to his birthplace . . . it is assumed he wished to get away from the influence of his military chiefs and recover the state of free-mindedness which he used to seek in the days when he had successful intuitions.—"Inside Information," *Daily Sketch*, June 23rd.]

Who races so fast through tempest and storm?
It's the Führer pursuing a beckoning form;
Over rubble and ruin his footsteps are led
While his bright Intuition keeps two jumps ahead.

Mein Führer, mein Führer, why do you turn pale?
Come follow, come fly through the blast and the gale,
The vision of victory dawns on my view,
I can hardly describe what is coming to you!

Your genius burns brightly, your strategy's plain,
And destiny smiles on your global campaign,
Your *volk* are so trustful, your fortress secure!
But can't you hear something go *crump* in the Ruhr?

To eastward, to eastward your *Lebensraum* lies,
To Moscow! to Moscow! it falls by surprise!
You have only to name the victorious day!
But don't you see something that stands in the way?

To Cairo, to Suez, divert the attack,
The feeble Eighth Army will certainly crack,
Mein goodness, mein goodness, I tried that before,
But where and O where is mein Afrika Korps?

To England! To England! Her end is at hand!
The Wehrmacht awaits your decisive command.
One last blitz on London, and all will be won,
But where is mein beautiful Luftwaffe gone?

Mein Führer, mein Führer, you're lagging behind.
I must pause to recapture my freedom of mind.
Come follow, fly faster, this place is too hot!
Mein goodness! mein fortress! mein Axis! mein Gott!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

CONFERENCE AFTERMATH

SIR,—The issue of "Vansittartism" in the Labour Party and your comments upon the debate at Conference are of profound import to the Labour Movement. I will not here quarrel with your Parliamentary Correspondent's account of events, though it is certainly lacking in full knowledge of what has happened; neither will I indulge in any of his implied sneers. The "Cove-Stokes" group may not count tactics as their strong point, but we can claim to have had an appreciation of the real situation and the courage to face a decision of Conference. I have been in battle with some of those who did their best all the week to get us to withdraw the motion and my bitter experience has been that while they have been prepared to kill Kruger with their pens and tongues, when faced with a decision that implies definite action, they invariably run away. The truth is that the anti-Vansittites on the National Executive have cowered before the onslaught of James Walker and his friends. Mr. Walker is not a dilettante. He fights. My friends and I know his power. Frankly, we felt we could do no other than force the fight into the open, because Mr. Walker had not only defied the decision of the Bournemouth Conference, but had succeeded in paralysing the National Executive. Where, I ask your Parliamentary Correspondent, are the grounds for believing that the Executive, if free from a conference decision, would have issued a reasonable and progressive statement in relation to Germany? It is all very well, but the central fact in the situation was that Mr. Walker was (and is) strong enough to defy Party Policy, and that the Executive was impotent in the face of his heresy. I am not attacking the officials of the Party, but the measure of Mr. Walker's strength is seen in the fact that even paid officials at Transport House could defy party policy with impunity. Within the confines of Transport House Mr. Walker's school is the dominant power. The enlightened intellectuals batter themselves in vain against the solid rock of the Fight For Freedom Group. No, it is not we who have been guilty of bad tactics, but rather that a "do nothing," paralysed Executive was speechless and leaderless in the face of this momentous issue.

I observe that your correspondent joins in the many efforts that have been made to water down the real meaning and effect of the amendment. These efforts, I contend, are misleading and harmful. All those associated with the amendment are also associated with the Fight for Freedom Group. Mr. Dukes' speech you describe as "able and balanced." But is it a "balanced" approach to the "German problem" to say that democracy shall be forced upon the German people by British bayonets? Mr. Dukes' speech was the seductive voice of the counter-revolution, and I imagine your correspondent must recognise it as such. It certainly was able; it unmistakeably was reactionary.

I can only conclude by expressing my amazement at your correspondent's leisurely attitude towards this pressing and vital issue. He informs us that "Just before Conference the Executive discussed the whole question and decided to present a more reasoned statement of policy on Germany next year." Where is there any sense of urgency in this statement? Why I ask, is there the need for a new statement? Why not, in the meantime, reaffirm party policy? It is obvious why. The big Trade Unions are in control, and any future statement must move in the direction of Vansittart. In the meantime the issue has also been transferred to the rank and file. The Executive may consider at leisure their future statement. We shall organise the rank and file with all the urgency and resources at our command.

House of Commons. W. G. COVE, M.P.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Irene Marcouse, describes the Labour Party Conference as unrealistic and illustrates this charge by reference to the treatment of resolutions on India.

"Realism" has divergent interpretations and possibly the fate of those resolutions might be ascribed by some to a "realistic" necessity of avoiding an embarrassing issue. This is a charitable explanation of what I, nevertheless, consider lamentable.

Even a crowded agenda does not justify fixing the discussion on India for 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, postponing it until the Friday and relegating it then to the last on the list, when the two movers of the composite resolutions (and no seconders) were permitted five minutes each at the fag-end of the Conference.

If that be the measure of Labour Party interest in the responsibility of British citizens for their government of 390,000,000 Indians, what irony lies in the contrast of this with the censorious contention two days before that 80,000,000 Germans were responsible for the crimes of their Nazi Government! What must India be thinking about this?

In the circumstances one can only note that no official word of condemnation has come from the Labour Party at the penalty of whipping inflicted on prisoners arrested during the political disturbances. (Mr. Amery prefers "whipping" to "flogging" seeing that the strokes are administered with "a cane less than half inch in diameter," and he disagrees with my description of this as deplorable and medieval.)

It was stated in the House that this whipping penalty had been inflicted 958 times, but the Indian press records 850 whippings, including 200 or so boys and youths, in three districts of Sind alone.

Without condoning any violent action committed by those prisoners, I venture to claim that the Labour Party would not have remained dumb if even half a dozen rioters had been whipped at the time of our General Strike. As it is, one is driven to believe that on this and the fundamental political question a conspiracy either of evasion or silence has been practised.

Mr. Greenwood has given the assurance that India will receive party reconsideration. Well and good! But the damage has been done and Indians may be excused a little cynicism when we affirm our profound sympathy in their struggle for freedom.

REGINALD SORENSEN, M.P.

38 Woodside Park Avenue,
E.17.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE

SIR,—The issue that until a few days ago separated the two Generals is, as you yourself pointed out, clear enough. The questions to be answered were three: Shall control of the army be vested in one man (Giraud) or in a body? Shall high-ranking Pétainists—potential traitors—be left in their commands? Shall the army that was defeated in five weeks in 1940 be reorganised on modern lines?

Your correspondent's effort to confuse the issue by substituting "reactionary" for "Pétainist" will, fortunately, not deceive your readers. Nor will they agree that the appointment of Peyrouton to a Captaincy and of the former Commander-in-Chief of the French Air Force to a Lieut.-Colonelcy is inconsistent with the Gaullist view; nobody has suggested that all ex-Vichyite officers, however humble, shall be removed. But the friends of General de Gaulle may well feel a little bewildered at finding their chief accused of being "difficult" when he seeks the dismissal of a Boisson, and pusillanimous when he fails to send another protégé of his American allies to the guillotine.

These, however, are quibbles, introduced, as I have suggested, to confuse the issue. The real problem is hinted at lower down in your correspondent's letter. The real objection to de Gaulle, he indicates, is his popularity, and he hints at the danger of a Boulangist or Louis-Napoléon *coup* after the liberation. Here he is on more solid ground. Every French politician arriving in this country (as well as, incidentally, the Belgians, whose judgment on French problems is more objective) agrees that 95 per cent. of French opinion, including all organised Socialist, trade unionist and Communist opinion, is Gaullist, not only in the sense that it is resistant, but also in the sense that it will insist on having de Gaulle as its political leader and head of the first post-war provisional Government. In the absence of any possibility of supervision and control by a representative body, such a situation involves patent dangers, even in the view of those of us who are still waiting for evidence of the much boosted and as yet unproven dictatorial intentions of

General de Gaulle. What are we going to do about it? Continue to make General de Gaulle a martyr in the eyes of his followers? Insist on surrounding him with other generals, both reactionary and unpopular? Reduce British prestige in France to the deplorable level to which the once high American reputation has now fallen? Persist in invoking the excuse of "military necessity" for ill-disguised political ends? Encourage all the latent suspicion in France that we are serving the ends of American imperialism? Allow our Foreign Office to go on covering up past weaknesses by present dishonesties? In other words, carry on the process, begun on November 8th, of turning "Gaullism from healthy, semi-revolutionary anti-Fascism into sullen, jingo, anti-British nationalism? Or shall we rather recognise that de Gaulle has been from the beginning no more than a mirror of nascent French political opinion, "disconcertingly right," as the *New York Times* remarks, "from the standpoint of the democratic alliance against Hitlerism, whenever he has taken a stand upon a principle which is public property"? Shall we accept in deed as well as in word the right of the French people to choose their own leader, and so seek to recover some of the moral authority which we can throw into the balance if ever a real danger of Gaullist authoritarianism becomes manifest? Those I suggest, are the questions we must ask to-day, and I believe that they provide their own answer.

I regret that, like your French correspondent, I am compelled to remain anonymous.

A BRITISH SOCIALIST

A CAR-LESS FUTURE

SIR,—Repressive measures will not prevent the public from motoring after the war. The only way to preserve the countryside will be to provide a complete network of motor roads, covering the whole country. These roads should be flanked by car parks and tea gardens, and huge sports grounds, holiday camps, golf clubs and cinemas should be built every few miles. The whole system must accommodate eight million motor cars and provide sport and entertainment for their occupants.

The intervening countryside will then be available for agriculture and nature lovers.

J. K. CARTER

P.S.—Dr. Joad forgot to mention that after the war every motor car will have a radio.

SIR,—Really, life is a struggle! According to Professor Joad, almost anything is equally bad. Roads planned for faster speeds make him shudder: one is humiliated if compelled to suffer delays. To contemplate driving out for a walk is admirable: a tree—but not a flower?—grows taller and lives longer than a man—even an immobile Plato or Dante—because it does not waste its energy in ill-advised movement from place to place.

Yes, at first the Professor's arguments appear confusing, but soon enough one takes his meaning. It is not a car-free world he is demanding; it is one in which his privileged enjoyment of the country stands no chance of being disturbed by other, less enlightened and privileged, tourists. But, of course! That is exactly what we all require. We, too, are prepared to risk friendship-starvation and skip the possibilities of the jolly tea-table conversations he commends, provided we can be sure of having our favourite beauty spot to ourselves. Only somehow we have never dared openly to admit it, perhaps because such sentiments had a way of appearing almost selfish, one might even go so far as to say undemocratic, in print, though we can now see that that must have been due to the silly way in which we wrote them. At last we have a champion courageous enough to speak what we have all felt so long.

PETER CHAMBERLAIN (Sgt.)

SOCIAL SECURITY

SIR,—On June 5th last you mentioned the Social Security League. There has been an instantaneous response from THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers in all parts of the country. One, enclosing a cheque for £10 10s. writes:—"It is most reassuring to see such a movement started to try to give expression to the feelings of a great many people on the subject of official inaction." A few ask if we "mean to stop at Beveridge," and suspect us as a propagandist agitation of the badge-and-poster brand. To those, and to others who have not yet written, I would say that the Social Security League has a solid educational job ahead of it. The emotional vogue for the Beveridge Report had ebbed and can only be replaced by real interest based on real knowledge—knowledge not only of the detailed contents of the Report but of the new social and economic concepts underlying it. By creating an increasing core of social-security-minded citizens we shall be adding to the numbers of those equipped to think constructively about the major post-war problems. This should be the long-term outcome of a campaign which, in the short term, is designed to place the Beveridge Report—unfilleted—upon the Statute book.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers can help particularly not only by joining the League themselves but by volunteering, or finding suitable volunteers, to act as honorary representatives of the League in their own areas. All the work cannot be done from London and I shall be very glad of suggestions for activity in other districts.

JOAN S. CLARKE,
Secretary.

Social Security League,
51 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

SIR,—Does your contributor share the widely held view that there is something indecent in the mentioning of teachers' salaries? For in his discussion of "*the* key problem . . . the provision of teachers of the right kinds, etc.," he omits all reference to what any teacher will tell you is a vital factor—the matter of remuneration. The new schemes for training, for the choice of teaching after, rather than before, graduation, and so on, are all very fine but considerations of crude £ s. d. will assuredly outweigh them all in the estimation of most young men and women. Unless something very much better than the existing salary scales and prospects of promotion is offered them, young people will seek other fields, such as educational administration and the Civil Service, where their talents will be more properly rewarded. . . .

To your salutary warning that the new day continuation schools may be started on the wrong lines, I would add that one way of avoiding this danger would be to consult *the people at present working in day continuation schools*. A colleague of mine, a graduate in honours of two universities and a fully trained teacher, left teaching for a more lucrative post in industry. When day continuation schools were initiated after the last war he returned to teach in one, fortified with a nice combination of teaching and industrial experience. He is still teaching in a day continuation school. If the knowledge and accumulated experience of such men as this, is ignored in the future, as it has been in the past—and there is no sign of anyone, including your contributor, proposing to utilise it—then he assured, the new day continuation schools most certainly *will* be started on the wrong lines.

J. J. SULLIVAN

21 The Green,
Twickenham.

CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—The treatment of conscientious objectors in this war has been more liberal than during the last war, but individual cases of persecution remain, and to one of these I wish to draw the attention of your readers.

Stanley Hilton, of Rochdale, Lancashire, a Jehovah's Witness, having been turned down by the Tribunals, was called up for military service in September, 1940, and from the first refused all military orders on conscientious grounds. He has been sentenced by court-martial three times—to one year's imprisonment, two years' detention (commuted after seven months), and two years' imprisonment. That is to say, he has been continually in prison or detention for a period approaching three years. He has now finished his third term and is awaiting court-martial for again refusing orders.

When the National Service Acts were under discussion Parliament made clear its desire that there should be no "Cat and Mouse treatment" of C.O.s There could hardly be a worse case of "Cat and Mouse treatment" than this. It is true that the Tribunals have declined to recognise the sincerity of Stanley Hilton, but it would be difficult to imagine a greater proof of sincerity than what he has been prepared to undergo. Looking at the matter on merely utilitarian grounds, he is obviously of no use to the Army, and he would be of use to the community in doing normal civilian work.

I do not ask your readers to endorse the views of Stanley Hilton; I do not share the ground of objection myself. But I do ask all who believe in liberty of conscience and who dislike persecution to indicate this to their Member of Parliament, so that pressure may be exerted on the War Office to discharge him from the Army in view of the consistent attitude he has adopted for nearly three years.

FENNER BROCKWAY,
Chairman.

Central Board for
Conscientious Objectors,
6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

MICHAEL TIPPETT

SIR,—Michael Tippett is sent to prison for not taking up A.R.P., N.F.S. or land work, ordered by a tribunal as the condition of his exemption from military service.

Roger Marvell asks what useful purpose is served by sending him to prison, and suggests that the sentence is not so much unjust as silly. The case of Michael Tippett has been given some prominence, but many others have been, and are still being, sent to prison for not fulfilling conditions stipulated by tribunals. They are taken from social work, relief work and other activities useful and valuable to the community to serve sentences, after which they return to their interrupted work until again prosecuted. "Silly" seems as good a word as any other, for they are sincere men who are following a positive course of action from which prison sentences will not deter them.

I cannot speak with personal knowledge of Michael Tippett, but Roger Marvell voices a common misunderstanding of the position of the "unconditionalist" C.O. when he refers to the "workings of a conscience that allows a man to consume food but not to produce it." There is, I suggest, no such conscience. What people have is an uncompromising conscientious objection to warfare; their refusal of the weapons of war has no ifs and buts, no qualifications or conditions, and the only exemption that meets such an objection is one also without qualifications or conditions. There is no conscientious objection to growing food, there *is* a conscientious objection to accepting a *condition of exemption*.

If a tribunal accepts that a man is a genuine and sincere C.O., can they not accept the fact that he will be likely to undertake freely the work in which he can best serve his fellows?

ARTHUR N. GOSS

17, Middleway,
London, N.W.11.

"OBJECTIVITY" IN "ORIENTATIONS"

SIR,—In the short notice in your issue of June 12 of the new edition of Sir Ronald Storrs's "Orientations" it was stated: "The chapter on Zionism can be recommended as the most objective account that has ever been published." It is, therefore, I trust, permissible to point out that in his treatment of the Palestine White Paper of 1939, Sir Ronald makes no mention whatsoever of two very important facts which one would naturally have expected to be included, namely: (1) that the White Paper was denounced in the House of Commons by the present Prime Minister (who stigmatised it as "another Munich" and "a plain breach of a solemn obligation") and other leading Members of the present Government, and was approved by a majority of only 89 at a time when the Government then in office could have normally counted on an assured majority of 220, and (2) that it was unanimously rejected by the Mandates Commission of the League as incompatible with the Palestine Mandate and consequently lacks any legal validity. If the chapter in question is to be recommended for its objectivity, it must surely be added that it is not free from certain selectivity.

ISRAEL COHEN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A few months ago I was in a shipyard in the North of England with the dust blown by the north-easterly wind in my eyes, my ears deafened and my nerves ragged by the unimaginable fusillade of the pneumatic riveters as they struck the rust-coloured, patchwork walls of the ships. Steel strikes steel at the rate of 3,500 blows a minute and the instrument is held in the human hand. Riveters, caulkers, most of the men who crouch at their work in the open air section of the shipyard on the hull of a ship, are a little deaf; yet they go home and curse when the blind taps on the window-pane or a child lets a door bang. With its stockades of upright posts, its scores of feet of pneumatic tubing and its wandering groups of men, there is something of the film-set about the shipyard; the scene in the plater's shed where the plates are prepared is calmer. Here the sounds are measured and clangorous. One goes into an enormous shed where the light is poor, dour and irreligious, seamed by the gleam of heavy machines. The aisles are wide, the roof is high, there is an effect of space; the high windows have been painted police-lamp blue and this gives a hazy gloom and solemnity to the sight. The shadows are cold and portentous. And when, through the murmur of the travelling gantry overhead or the convulsive smash of a gigantic punch or the grind of a steel roller, one hears a gong-like sound, catastrophic and dominant, commanding the whole building, as if a shell had burst, one's mind is immediately made up about the scene. It is medieval. One is in some impious cathedral. One's mind has gone privately to Notre Dame or Seville, as one watched. One has thought of the building of Chartres. The workers in their overalls, working or wandering from this aisle to that, on some special journey and toiling in their squads, are anonymous. The masks of the welders, which, when tipped back on the head with an eye to effect by the girls, are like helmets, suggest some mechanised reincarnation of the Seises who dance at Seville; and that gong-like crash—more barbarous than any Spanish bell yet as purposive—which indicated that a ship's plate was being struck into shape, marks the idea in one's imagination.

Palaces, infernos, cathedrals—such metaphors often occur to the stranger who visits these factories. Do they occur to the worker in the factory? Are they simply literary conceptions? Very probably. If a factory worker were to record the effect that the place had on his imagination and sensibility, we should find, I think, that his images were more precise and at times more earthy and anthropmorphic. There is a world of sexual symbolism: shipyard workers speak of the "arse" of a ship. New plates are called "green" though they are rust-coloured and the adjective links up with "green" for fresh pelts and hides. But the substance of the factory worker's sensibility has never been the subject of literature and, in consequence, neither he nor we know what it is. (Among living writers Henry Green is the only one I can think of who has come anywhere near describing it.) This is not a disappointment; it is to my mind a tragedy, a symptom of the disastrous split in our culture. Fortunately we have become aware of the split and, at least, we have begun by describing some of the things we see in the factories. I have just read Mr. J. B. Priestley's novel about a factory (*Daylight on Saturday*, Heinemann, 9s. 6d.), a documentary novel full of people which sets out to interpret the morale of an aircraft works where, last year, before Alamein, production was declining. I found this description and it was worth doing:

> No, there is no daylight inside the factory. There are no windows. The roofs are darkened. The factory inside is like a colossal low bright cave, lit with innumerable mercury-vapour lamps that produce a queer greenish-white mistiness of light. In there three in the morning and three in the afternoon look just the same. Nothing tells you, except the rhythm of work, whether it is noon or midnight. You might be deep in a mountain or at the bottom of the sea. . . . For this is cave life. It is a magic cave with money—perhaps more than you have ever seen before—adding itself for you, with hot pot and ginger pudding, simmering and steaming in electric ovens, and unending streams of thick, dark tea, with music, hot or sweet, screaming above the machine tools, with ultra violet rays and radiant heat and M. and B. 693 to be had for the asking. . . .

Later at the end of the dayshift:

> The lighted caves, with their twinkling greenish mist, seemed endless, as if whole vast new sheds had been suddenly added. The thousands of faces under that remorseless top-lighting now looked like caricatures of those that arrived this morning: eyes that had been merely deep-set were now startlingly sunken; small noses dwindled to mere buttons of flesh, while large noses became terrifying beaks across which the tightly-drawn skin might snap at any moment; thin elderly mouths disappeared altogether; and generous young ones, with what remained of the crimson lipstick on them turning dark and purpose, pouted and gaped in a mysterious sensuality; there were faces like those of corpses and faces that might have belonged to galvanised dolls

From his admired Dickens, Mr. Priestley has taken the habits of sensational description. It is an effective genre. The reader can go through those quotations and pick out the weak words for himself and especially note that in purposely cutting down the precise technical reference, Mr. Priestley has removed an important reality from the scene. But for the purposes of my argument these criticisms do not matter. Mr. Priestley has tried to see a factory imaginatively, and this is courageous and it was worth trying. He has the virtues and defects of the bustler; and he has bustled in and cleared some ground. Arnold Bennett, it will be remembered, in *Imperial Palace*, his novel about a big hotel, made the mistake of cluttering the ground. I prefer Mr. Priestley's quick decisions.

In his own mood, which is somewhere between sullen defiance, tolerance and a kind of working worry, Mr. Priestley has also tried to expose the situation in the factory. He is above all capable of collecting the types and he misses very little. He is clearly well informed about the kinds of people who are now going into factories and their probable history. The conflict between the hot-tempered, self-pitying but ultimately humane Elrick, a manager, and the intellectual Blandford, an engineer, is of to-day. In the workshop of the great bitch-goddess of Production, how much do human beings matter? In slave states they have never mattered much and Mr. Blandford sees the new possibilities of power. While we were accusing people of being Fascists, right and left, we forgot Mr. Blandford, a very dangerous disciple of Bedaux, an efficient picker-up of tips from the doctrine of "the managerial revolution." He says:

> Most of them (the workers) are fixed at the mental age of 12. They're all being paid twice as much as they are worth. Very few of them care a rap about the war. They've got to be coddled and cared for like babies. They haven't an idea in their heads. They know less about the technique of living than any Southern European peasant or, for that matter, an East African negro. They've lost the medieval virtues and haven't yet acquired any modern ones. They don't *know* and they don't care. And not only aren't they as good in their way as I am in mine, but they even haven't got a way to be good in—they're lost and drifting.

A medieval world without the medieval virtues, says Mr. Blandford. At times Mr. Priestley seems to agree. He would probably say "without the medieval geniality." Most critics add: "without the medieval culture." And here I will put my earlier point about the split in our culture as it relates to imaginative literature. Since the war I have heard workers of many trades and grades, their technicians and managers, too, talking about politics, economics, sociology, religion and morals, and often talking well. They have never spoken of imaginative literature or any work of art. You try them on it and you are fobbed off with the usual excuses about education, poverty, and lack of leisure which have really very little to do with the matter. If they are educated and energetic enough to read the Webbs, they can read George Eliot or D. H. Lawrence. The imaginative writers show an equal indifference to the factory, or rather their interest has been fatally narrow. When we look at Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot or Dickens again, do we find that they were interested by this new mode of life? Hardly at all. They were passionately concerned with the new social problems it raised; they were not as passionately moved by the environment itself. Dickens came a step nearer to it than the others when he wrote *Hard Times*, but he was the victim in that book of intellectual hysteria. He created a fantasy which distorted the diurnal incrustation of thought and feeling that formed its peculiar coral in the factory man's mind, and the coral reef remains pretty well submerged to-day. These writers were people of conscience and intelligence. They knew the important indignations; but no literature, and certainly no culture was ever fed and maintained by indignation alone for long. Ourselves, we rebel against the notion that we can be docketed as problems, that justice is all we want. We feel—and it is what all the great artists have felt—that all of our life, and especially its most impalpable impressions, the mysterious fluid of its fears and wishes, and its peculiar poetry, are valid in themselves; that we are not merely the problems we confront or the indignations we feel, but are also the things we see out of the corner of our eye and think at the back of our minds. We turn to imaginative literature so that we may exclaim of our experience, like Sir Mammon in *The Alchemist*, "Oh my voluptuous mind." And I believe you say as much to a steel worker when you speak of the wink of blue steel that will show through the skin of scale on a ship's plate, as when you tell him, what everyone knows, that the hours are too long or that the industry ought to be socialised.

Documentary, which tried to elicit the elusive minor verse of fact and process, and to clear these things of fake romance, was an attempt to enlarge the material of literature, but left the material without significance. With proper instinct, the factory man still preferred the inferior opium dreams of the cinema. We insult the dignity of man by refusing him the response to idiosyncracy and style. Politically he may feel strong if you call him ordinary or average; but he does not feel ordinary or average in other things. Or if not in himself, then in his group—for factory life is collective life—he feels exceptional. Then social realism came along, discharging a mass of raw material into the field of literature and imposed a simple common philosophy on it. The reader, after a time, rebels against its pious and theatrical conception of life. These two approaches to the factory have, within their limits, been spans that have narrowed the gap. But we are still far too concerned with what literature can make us do, and not with what it can make us feel.

V. S. Pritchett

INDIA

Beggar My Neighbour. By Lionel Fielden. *Secker and Warburg.* 3s. 6d.
Indian Crisis. By John S. Hoyland. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

The other day I met a young worker who, when he heard that I had been in India, remarked, "Oh! of course, they are so illiterate and there are so many races and religions that they are bound to fight. We cannot give them independence, and in any case what about the Japs?" Lionel Fielden endeavours with great dialectical skill and wit to cut into the compact mass of prejudice, fear, misunderstanding and muddled good will that compose the Englishman's attitude to India. He writes fiercely and with passionate sincerity. He will have none of the facts and statistics which are bandied about from one side to the other, making the unhappy Indians the subject of patronage, irritable incom-

prehension or party politics as the case may be. He tries to pierce through the facts to the prevailing "atmosphere," and it is for this reason that the book is to be recommended. It does succeed in getting across with considerable effect what innumerable Indians *feel* and would wish us to know whether we like it or not. The book will infuriate most people, antagonise not a few, while others anæsthetised by what Ruskin once called "hulking phrases" will refuse to consider the thesis at all or call it anti-British or a hindrance to the war effort.

"We weave the warp of experience with a comfortable weft of self-justification," says Mr. Fielden, and both Indians and British must learn to recognise their "blind spots." The present deadlock has become "a fog of obscurity" in which "the last remnant of British-Indian collaboration may be irretrievably lost."

After considering some basic English prejudices and the Indian reply, Fielden then digresses, and it is here that the fundamental weakness of the book lies, for the stuff of the argument is shot with material of a very different texture—Fielden's own problem, the mental confusion and moral discomfort of an individualist, pacifist liberal in the world as it is to-day and likely to be to-morrow. He shrinks from a future of efficient techniques—the managerial state—and the authoritarian rule of the skilled mechanic which is all he can see in the Soviet Union. From this he quite logically passes to an antinomy which is becoming popular amongst the déracinê intelligentsia, namely, the materialism of the West *versus* the spirituality of the East. Gandhi is the symbol of this intense reaction against the machine and materialism. Oddly enough, Mr. Hoyland speaks of a reaction in India against industrialist *individualism*, not materialism, a far more accurate analysis. There is a tendency to confuse the unpleasant results of industrial individualism with the quite different fruits of electrification (i.e., the "Power Age") for the good of the community.

Fielden retreats into a romantically conceived India of dignity, simplicity and crafts. Well, well. Is this true? The shocking poverty of the Indian villager and the industrial masses adequately described by Mr. Hoyland is not only the product of imperialism but also of internal greed and grab, the rule of the moneylender, and the functionless landlord, protected, if you like, by the Imperial police. A sensitive Indian friend once said to me, "We are the most materialistic of people." That is in part true. A failure to control nature and material resources leads to a sense of being controlled by them, not at all spiritual, while the desire to plan resources for the common good may be profoundly spiritual. These adjectives can so easily become debased coinage.

Both these writers have much to say about India's spirituality. There are many Indians who will not thank them for it. Neither realises adequately the increase of Socialist and Communist thought, not only amongst students but even amongst the peasants. A mill-worker once asked a friend of mine to write a letter to Stalin. "You have given the land to the peasants. Come here and give it to us also." Fielden quotes from a letter which suggests that the Indian Communists are traitors to the national cause. On the contrary, amidst the demoralisation created by repression and the proximity of the Japanese and the division on the pacifist issue, the Communists represent a position which is likely to become stronger. Again, on the question of the communal problem. Fielden handles it delicately but firmly. He realises the necessity of cultural and "national" autonomy, as most writers friendly to India have failed to do. Hoyland, writing with an experience of India less recent perhaps, adopts the old view common in the Congress that Federal Union must come first, and speaks with fear of the "Balkanisation" of India. Here, too, the Communists have had something to say that is constructive. They realise that India is not a nation but a congeries of nations. The Soviet Union has shown how possible it is to unite nations without destroying diversity. For the interspersed minorities, cultural freedom and their own schools; for homogeneous linguistic and cultural groups, their own republics. India, as Fielden must have found in his work for the All-India Radio, falls naturally into defined linguistic areas. Here is an approach which can cut across the dangerous "religious" question that tends to be too greatly emphasised. The sectional demands, of which Pakistan is only one, represents the way in which the longing for freedom has sunk down to the peasant layer of the population.

Both writers give a chapter to Mr. Gandhi. Fielden's is brilliant and partly autobiographical, as is not a little of his book. This should help to disperse the canard that Gandhi is pro-Fascist. The chapter on the Cripps mission deserves attention. Hoyland writes better on his life in India than on more recent events. Fielden gives a plausible argument for the cause of the breakdown. I can assure him that the interview of the Congress leaders with General Wavell *did* take place, for he seems to doubt it. The presumption that the General was animated by motives of racial superiority is hardly fair. It may well have seemed to that distinguished soldier a doubtful proposition to hand over his army to the control of a body divided amongst themselves as to whether the war should be fought or the enemy resisted by means of "non-violence." Hoyland thinks that Gandhi's pacifism was the cause of the breakdown; but that is far from being the whole story, as Fielden makes clear.

Both these writers agree as to the question of the States, and both are convinced that India must be given unconditional independence. Fielden suggests that we should announce that after Linlithgow concludes his term of office no other Viceroy shall be appointed, that the India Office should be abolished and the High Commissioner become an Ambassador. This should be followed by the release of political prisoners and the restoration of the assemblies and ministries in those provinces where they have ceased to exist. Power should then be transferred to a government (provisional, presumably) composed either of the eleven elected premiers of the provinces or formed by the accredited leaders. A Treaty should then be made akin to that with Egypt, and a declaration added that the Princes must make their own terms with the Government of India. It is essential that the future constitution of India should be made by Indians without interference by us, and without any attempt to impose on Indian soil unsuitable Western institutions.

Readers may gasp at this drastic solution. Let them read the argument, for the writer deals in masterly fashion with all the various "ifs" and "buts."

In comparison with Mr. Fielden's pyrotechnics, the quiet descriptiveness of Mr. Hoyland may seem a bit pedestrian. He has somewhat more to say of the caste problem and the Untouchables, though he never makes them an occasion for malice as do some English writers. He has lived close to the Indian masses and worked amongst Indian students, which Fielden has never done. It is significant, however, that this missionary educationalist of the Society of Friends with 15 years' experience should reach a solution not so different from that of the ex-official. Both speak for many more who, perhaps, cannot afford to speak freely. Both agree that we must go. So what?

LEONARD M. SCHIFF

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JONATHAN CAPE

MISPLACED ZEAL

Robert Dale Owen: A Biography. By RICHARD WILLIAM LEOPOLD. *Oxford University Press.* 28s.

The son of Robert Owen almost qualifies for Leslie Stephens's classic description of his father —"one of those intolerable bores who are the very salt of the earth." A pioneer in birth control and women's rights, one of the organisers of the Smithsonian Institution, a journalist of some distinction, a Congressman who made his mark, an ardent spiritualist in reaction from militant freethought, he was obviously a man of real talent, though he lacked in any of the varied realms he touched any quality which can be recognised as first-rate. He was a thoroughly good man, zealous, honest and sincere. Bagehot would have made a marvellous essay out of the fantastic range of his activities.

But Mr. Leopold is not satisfied with an essay. With an amplitude that would have been almost adequate for a statesman or thinker of the first order, he has given us a biography which is a model of patience and a reminder of the brevity of life. He has not only read all the printed writings of his hero—in itself a list of nine pages. He has examined the private papers of 44 of Owen's contemporaries. He has searched ten autograph collections. He has combed the public documents, printed and unprinted, of the Federal Government at Washington, and the state government in Indiana; he has searched the newspapers of New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Indiana, in the latter state for two periods of seventeen years. Owen was interested in plank roads, so Mr. Leopold has looked through four railroad journals for references to him—to "sample public opinion" on occasional incidents in Owen's congressional career, he seems to have looked at some thirty other journals. And this is not to mention the painstaking researches in periodicals of the time connected with labour, freethought, anti-slavery and spiritualism, the last section including three English journals over a period of some eight years. Every contemporary commentator has been brought to bear on the theme; and it is difficult to discover any secondary material that he has neglected. Since, says Mr. Leopold, social historians have neglected the history of American spiritualism after 1860, "the author has made special studies of his own." That phrase is typical of the spirit in which his book has been written.

The devoted zeal Mr. Leopold has brought to his task is beyond all praise; I wish he had asked himself whether it was really proportionate to the significance of his subject. Nearly four hundred and fifty pages for a man who was hardly of the third order, none of whose writings has survived, few of whose activities have left any serious result, seem to make of research a fetish which stands in the way of thinking. If Robert Dale Owen had never lived, American history would have been, even in his own state of Indiana, very much what it was. Patience, accuracy, a relentless passion for omniscience about the theme involved are all of them moral qualities it is impossible not to praise; but it is difficult not to feel that a man of Mr. Leopold's quality ought not to have felt that he should wander from Portland, Oregon, to Manchester, England, in order to rescue "from unwarranted obscurity" a man about whom all we really need to know could have been put in a fifty-page essay. The research seems to have taken six or seven years, and the author has received two fellowship grants to assist in its completion. One becomes terrified at the thought of the scale upon which he would write, say, the life of Lincoln or of President Roosevelt.

I admire Mr. Leopold's enthusiasm; I deprecate the time he has wasted—I hope that my old friend Professor Arthur Schlesinger, of Harvard, who indicated the subject to Mr. Leopold will, when he has read the book, warn the next generation of Harvard scholars that they will help us all by realising the brevity of life. No one, I suspect, would have been more amazed at this stately tome than Robert Dale Owen himself; after all, his best work was done as a journalist, and it is the merit of the race that he adorned to have a measuring-rod of importance. The elder Owen was as remarkable as he was boring; the younger Owen was certainly not remarkable, and I fear that Mr. Leopold has omitted nothing of the things that made him a bore. It is terrifying to think that a life of his brother, the geologist, is in preparation; I hope there is a real shortage of paper in the Harvard press if they should happen to print the book.

HAROLD J. LASKI

MEDICINE IN WARTIME

War and Disease. By RALPH H. MAJOR, M.D. *Hutchinson's Scientific Publications.* 12s. 6d.

This is the third book in the Advancement of Science Series, the two previous volumes being Newman's *Twins and Super-Twins* and Vaughan's *Allergy*. The war is not yet over, and all sorts of unpleasant and unexpected things may yet happen; but most people, remembering the last World War, have been surprised at the lightness in number of the deaths from war-wounds and from epidemic disease in these four years, as compared with those of the four years between the declaration of war and its cessation in 1918.

The one compensation which many people have thought arose out of the evils of war, was the great advance in the medical and surgical arts which accompanies them. As a matter of fact, these advances rarely manifest themselves during the period of war. Far more commonly, they occur during the interval between wars; but, meanwhile, the nature of warfare also "develops." Different weapons are employed, and different defences are invented to meet them. The advances in medicine and surgery provoked by the circumstances of the earlier war, now again prove inadequate and inefficient. In 1918, the possibilities of the aeroplane were comparatively unexploited, and its great potentialities seemed to suggest that old-fashioned navies had outlived their importance, and that islands no longer existed. The construction of a large submarine navy would seem to have nearly completed the destruction of islands as fortresses.

Some of the facts and figures which Dr. Major gives us are very interesting and very significant. We were quite familiar with the bacterial character of typhoid fever and with the causes and conditions of typhoid epidemics long before the Boer War. Almroth Wright, who was Professor of Pathology in the Army School at Netley, and was working away at the possibilities of vaccinating against typhoid, was convinced that it was practicable to inoculate against that disease. In 1897, he recommended the use of the vaccine in the army and in the personnel of hospitals. In that same year, an epidemic of typhoid appeared in the Barming Asylum at Maidstone. Wright inoculated 84 persons, none of whom developed typhoid. Two years later, in India, Wright inoculated 4,000 men of the British Indian Army. Soon after the Boer War broke out, the British authorities, impressed by the results obtained by Wright, authorised the use of anti-typhoid vaccination in the army serving in South Africa. But the vaccination was voluntary. Some men were vaccinated in England, some during the long voyage to South Africa, others on the field of battle. The methods of inoculation were casual, with the not unnatural result that the method was more or less discredited, although Wright produced statistics showing that during the siege of Lady-

Indian Crisis

THE BACKGROUND

J. S. HOYLAND

The author of this book spent over fifteen years as an educationist and social and religious worker in India, and was awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal for Public Service. He has had prolonged personal acquaintance not only with the Indian "intellectuals," but also with India's problems of poverty, famine and epidemic, and he is convinced that the present British system must give way as swiftly as possible to a future in which India shall have liberty to devise and run her own system of government.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

smith there were seven times as many cases and six times as many deaths among the unvaccinated soldiers as among the vaccinated.

In the Turco-Russian war of 1878, 80,000 men died of disease, and only 20,000 died from wounds, whilst in the Crimean War the Allied armies lost 50,000 from disease as compared with 2,000 from bullets. And here is a fairly typical story of the relation between wars and medical progress. During their war with China in 1894–5, Dr. Major tells us that the Japanese lost four times as many soldiers from disease as from bullets. At the close of the war, they found that nearly half their army had been afflicted with beri-beri. The Japanese

> were realists enough to see that sooner or later a clash with Russia was inevitable. Japanese statesmen realised that while Russia was a powerful foe, disease, which accounted for 80 per cent. of the casualties of war, was an even greater enemy. The Japanese government sent medical officers all over the world to study the medical departments of the various armies. The majority went to Germany, where they worked in bacteriological laboratories, studying infection, and in laboratories of nutrition, where they studied food.

Major Seaman (quoted by Dr. Major) says that Japan even had the temerity to grade her medical men as high as the officers of the line "who combat the enemy that kills only 20 per cent." Ten years later, the Russo-Japanese war broke out. "The report of the Japanese army at the close of the war amazed the world. Seven per cent. died in battle, 1.5 per cent. died of wounds, 2.1 per cent. died from illness." This percentage of deaths due to sickness is less than one-fifth of the total dead, "a record not hitherto paralleled in the annals of war." "Anti-typhoid inoculation was not introduced into the Japanese army until 1908, three years after the Russo-Japanese war. Had it been employed during that conflict, the health record of the Japanese army would have been even more impressive. The Russo-Japanese war was the first great war of modern times in which an army of the Orient defeated one from the Occident. The role played by the Japanese medical officers in this great victory is obvious."

Similar are the stories told of the part played by typhus during the last Great War, owing to the presence of an epidemic in Serbia, which was louse-borne to the troops on the fighting fronts, as well as of diphtheria, dysentery, tetanus and the actual treatment of wounds. Let us hope that we are not overlooking similar possibilities this time.

HARRY ROBERTS

GERMANY

German Home Front. By Dr. W. W. Schutz. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Need Germany Survive? By Julius Braunthal. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Since the rise of the Nazis to power in Germany, all honest men, both Left and Right, have been forced to revise cherished ideologies. The war has not fulfilled Marxian or national expectations. In it the national and the social are inextricably confused and every situation is more complex than the analysis evolved to explain it. The emotions aroused are difficult to control; it is most comfortable to avoid the task of facing facts that do not fit and to accept a simplification which enables one to hate with a good conscience or to build a Utopian view which satisfies idealism. Both tendencies are bad; both take more than the usual amount of deliberate effort to avoid. Lord Vansittart's case is not very difficult to understand; indeed he has been remarkably frank about the origins of his view. Pressed to give the practical conclusions of the thesis he has popularised, he is too sensible to be logical. He talks only of disarming Germany (which will in any case be done with the utmost thoroughness) and of re-educating Germany, a task about which we all agree though we may find difficulty in reaching a very clear picture of what is meant. My quarrel with Lord Vansittart (apart from the harm his attitude has done to our propaganda to Germany) lies not in his proposals, but in the fact that he has not answered or withdrawn even in cases where his history and sociology have been exposed as indisputably false, and, that he has made more difficult the task of educating the British public about the immense problems that confront us at the end of the war. If our problem were in fact merely that of preventing another German war of revenge, there would be divergent views, but the basis of discussion would be simple. Unfortunately we have a far more difficult problem, a world and a European problem, as much social and economic as political, and the concentration on the Germany of the last two generations as the permanent inexorable enemy is as misleading as any other of the simplifications that draw men on from one war to the next.

In this atmosphere any book or newspaper article that increases our knowledge of Germany, of the roots of German (and other) militarism, and of the forces that we shall have to contend with when the German war machine is destroyed, calls for our gratitude. Both these studies of Germany are to be commended to those who want to play their part in avoiding the follies of a purely nationalist peace, with the new national and social wars that would follow from it. In *German Home Front* Dr. Schütz, who follows the Continental press and radio with great care and assiduity, has collected an invaluable body of knowledge. Here if you wish to inform yourself, you may gain a fair idea of the effect on the German people of Hitler's failure in Russia; here you may see piled up with full documentation the evidence of the Nazis' increasing terrorism and the difficulties they have experienced in keeping the mind of German youth in the correct path. The last section of the book contains a most interesting collection of facts about the sale of non-Nazi literature in German bookshops, and it includes for reference purposes the full texts of Catholic and Protestant attacks on Nazi methods in Germany and a summary of religious and other literature published in Germany during the war.

Dr. Braunthal, an Austrian Socialist who has won from everyone in this country who knows him a deep respect, has written in *Need Germany Survive?* the fullest reply yet published in this country to those who declare by selected quotations that Nazism is the natural climax of the pyramid of German thought through the ages. Dr. Braunthal gives the other side of the picture and the story of the struggle of liberal thought, which, significantly enough, has been generally defeated in the practice of modern Germany, but which, he rightly argues, still exists in a tradition that may be revived under more favourable conditions after the war. The basic condition is a drastic shift in class power in Germany—the end of the Junkers, the military caste, the industrial monopolies, and the Nazi system. The book (as strong an argument against existing Germany as the most emotional adherent of Vansittart could desire) ends, in my view, with much too simple a recipe for the future. I think Dr. Braunthal, with all his effort at constructive thought, does not adequately appreciate the difficulty of re-creating in Europe the international working-class movement to which he has given his life. But on that I may prove wrong.

I suggest to those who want to understand and whose object is not simply to seek ammunition in an emotional controversy, that they review this body of evidence carefully. The Germans, now passing through a fever of diseased nationalism, will remain a large and important people in the midst of Europe. Whatever

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we do, however strict our post-war occupation, we shall have to live on the same Continent with Germans. For a time the Allies will agree in occupying Germany, however great their other differences. Whether Germany is a future menace or not clearly depends on the sort of Europe we build during this period of occupation. I suggest that instead of talking uselessly about good and bad Germans, we try to address our minds to this, the real problem—the creation of a Europe in which neither the people of Germany nor of any other nation will again be in a mood that permits the emergence of another Hitler.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

HARTY: *A John Field Suite.* Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1118–20).

MOUSSORGSKY: "*Boris Godunov*"—*Love Music*, Act. 3 and

SHOSTAKOVITCH: *Polka* (*from Age of Gold Ballet*). National Symphony Orch. of America (H.M.V. C3346).

GRIEG: *Quartet in G minor*, Op. 27. Budapest String Quartet (H.M.V. DB3135–8).

GRIEG: *Ballade*, Op. 24. Eileen Joyce (Col. DX1117–8).

BLISS: *Quartet in B flat.* Griller String Quartet (Decca K1091–4).

CHOPIN: *Three Studies:* in F minor, Op. 10; in F minor, Op. 25; in F major, Op. 25 and

CHOPIN: *Nocturne in E flat.* Solomon (H.M.V. C3345).

RAVEL: *Pièce en Poème d'Habanéra*, and KREISLER: *Caprice Viennois.* Menuhin, acc. Gazelle (H.M.V. DA1832).

TRADITIONAL: "O Can Ye Sew Cushions," and "O Whistle and I'll Come to You." Isobel Baillie, acc. Gerald Moore (Col. DB2111).

How many, listening to the late Sir Hamilton Harty's charmingly orchestrated Suite, will think of the queer, shy Irish boy, thin and gawky, with legs and arms too long for his clothes, like a picture of Smike by Cruikshank, who was employed by old Clementi to display his new pianofortes to intending purchasers, and who afterwards delighted the capitals of Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, with the exquisite finish, the feathery virtuosity, of his playing. By the time Spohr met Field in Paris success had turned the poor, cowed youth into a fat, genial, Rabelaisian person; but the roots of masochism are as long and deep as those of bindweed, and it was not long before the world-famous virtuoso, ravaged by low company and a sordid illness, was hastily fished out of Naples and transported to Moscow (or was it St Petersburg?), where he died. The charm and originality of the Nocturnes (especially that in B flat, included in this Suite), which are always supposed to have had a profound influence on Chopin, have tended to obscure the rest of Field's work—unfairly, since his musicianship was not inferior to that of Dussek, Hummel or Moscheles, and his lyrical gift more genuinely original than theirs. Pianists in search of novelty could do worse than explore Field's concertos beyond the known one in E flat. Meanwhile this Suite, which is constantly broadcast, is graceful and pretty enough for anything. The performance is sprightly, if a little crude.

I have never subscribed to the opinion which considers the Polish scenes in *Boris Godunov* a vulgar blot on the opera. At the same time I must admit that this wholly orchestral, potted version does give support to that opinion. This luscious passage will not do by itself: it is a climax and, as such, needs to be led up to by the boudoir scene with the Jesuit, the Polonaise, and Bakst's imaginative decor. Shostakovitch's *Polka* makes use of one of his most valuable qualities: his humour. The piece is not at all pretty, but it *is* funny, and for once the coarse recording seems in place.

Tactfully to celebrate the centenary of Grieg's birth is not particularly easy. A man of the highest talent, with a beautiful lyric gift, he lived in an age where the conflicting influences of many composers of overwhelming genius reduced the good second-rate to an eclecticism that—for us, at any rate—tends to obscure much real originality of thought and feeling. It was a clever stroke on the part of the B.B.C. to have given us the *Peer Gynt* music in its entirety. None of this, with the exception of Solveig's Song, is Grieg at his best; but we were grateful for an opportunity to realise that those excerpts which we never hear are in fact not worth hearing. We have the same reason for gratitude to the Gramophone Co. I shall not say that the *Ballade* and the *String Quartet* are not worth hearing; but the synthetic style of the first—a set of variations which tears leaves alternately out of Chopin's and Schumann's books—and the technical ineptitude of the second, certainly do not make for a lasting appeal. Both works have a certain vigour and isolated passages of purely melodic beauty, but the Quartet in particular shows up the fatal weaknesses of the composer who relies on spontaneity, on the incidental charms of improvisation, and cannot plan a full-scale movement without resorting to empty staves of agitated note-spinning. There was never a more "vertical" composer than Grieg, and a quartet in which contrapuntal writing plays little or no part is a contradiction in terms. There is hardly a page of this work which would not sound better scored for a small orchestra. The performance is unexceptionable and the recording on the whole good, though its American provenance is revealed by almost any short, vigorously bowed note, which sounds like a match striking. Miss Joyce's playing of the *Ballade* seems to me the most successful among her recent records.

Any strictures one may make on the Grieg Quartet certainly do not apply to Mr. Bliss's latest work, which must, I think, be numbered among his finest to date. It is a large, ambitious affair, justified as well by the variety and ingenuity of the writing as by the intrinsic beauty of the material. The latter relates it immediately to the *Clarinet Quintet* and the *Music for Strings*; but no earlier work has so clearly displayed Mr. Bliss's mastery of technique as the first movement of this Quartet, where the Allegro continually emerges from and returns to the original Maestoso as the shadow of a motionless figure moves, expanding and contracting, on the wall of a room in obedience to a shifting light. The slow movement, again, takes full advantage of its prerogative, which consists in an appeal to some deep sentiment. In such movements as this the test of the main theme lies in its ability to be effectively "climaxed" (if I may so express myself) on its final return; it is then that any original feebleness in the invention glares out of the full declaration. Mr. Bliss's tune stands this test magnificently, and the expected climax has just that extra twist needed to produce a thorough illumination. The Finale does not avoid something commonplace in the working out, but has the rare merit of being a true Vivace, in that its speed is that of the thought it embodies, and not—as so often—merely that of an Andante played fast. I have never heard the Griller Quartet give a finer, more vigorous performance; and the recording is remarkable.

Solomon would not appear to be the theoretical type of pianist and his interpretations of Chopin, though they may have nothing new to tell us about that most fragile of composers ("fragile" in the sense of "easily ruined"), are at least accurate renderings of the notes and of such verbal instructions as Chopin affords; to say which is not to damn this record with faint praise.

Yehudi Menuhin's wonderful new disc is at the same time something of a joke: to see Ravel's aloof, aristocratic little poem arm-in-arm with that good-natured old tart, the *Caprice Viennois*, is delicious fun. Heaven forbid that we should turn our backs on either, on condition always that we remember what is what. Internal evidence suggests that this record was made in England; in any case it is a triumph for all concerned. The evanescent purity of Menuhin's playing—in the Ravel the veiled quality, as of music heard in a dream—makes an experience to be renewed again and again.

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This book deals with the central direction of Science, the ways in which Science can be used to improve the War effort, and the need for planning Science so that there can be a higher standard of living for everyone in the Post-War World. Contributors include: Sir Stafford Cripps, Sir Philip Joubert, Sir Alfred Egerton, Sir Lawrence Bragg, Prof. P. M. S. Blackett, Prof. H. Levy, Dr. C. D. Darlington and many other well-known Scientists.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 700

Set by V. S. Pritchett

There are black sheep in every family. Competitors are asked to send their childhood memories or misapprehensions of such characters. Limit, 200 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, July 12th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 697

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for an English version of one of the following poems.

BIENTÔT.

De tous les printemps du monde
Celui-ci est le plus laid
Entre toutes mes façons d'être
La confiance est la meilleure
L'herbe soulève la neige
Comme la pierre d'un tombeau
Moi je dors dans la tempête
Et je m'éveille les yeux clairs

Le lent le petit temps s'achève
Où toute rue devait passer
Par mes plus intimes retraites
Pour que je rencontre quelqu'un

Je n'entends pas parler les monstres
Je les connais ils ont tout dit
Je ne vois que les beaux visages
Les bons visages sûrs d'eux-mêmes

Sûrs de ruiner bientôt leurs maîtres.

À LA PATRIE

Oui, je t'aimais, ô ma Patrie !
Quand, maîtresse des territoires,
Tu menais de ta main chérie
Le choeur éclatant de Victoires ;

On louait ta blancheur de cygne
Et ton ciel, dont la transparence
Charme tes forêts et ta vigne ;
On disait : "Voyez ! c'est la France !"

Mais à présent, humiliée,
Sainte buveuse d'ambroisie,
Farouche, acculée, oubliée,
Je t'adore ! Avec frénésie.

Je baise tes mains valeureuses,
A présent que l'éponge amère
Brûle tes lèvres douloureuses
Et que ton flanc saigne—ma mère !

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Bientôt is by Eluard and appeared in *Fontaine*, a magazine of admirable spirit that started after the Armistice in North Africa. I was anxious to see what our competitors (whose brilliance always excites my envious homage) could make of this peculiarly difficult problem, but it seemed wise to offer an alternative—some stanzas from a poem written by Théodore de Banville after Sedan. A number of competitors deserve high praise for translating both poems; but two out of three chose the Banville. Niall Halliday, F.C.C. and E. D. made good unrhymed versions of the Eluard, but the paraphrases by A. M. P. and L. E. J. seem to me the most felicitous, judged as English verse. Leslie Johnson, Little Billee, E. C. P., Allan M. Laing and Postscript also distinguished themselves. In the Banville F. C. C. and William Bliss sent the best versions, with Allan M. Laing, T. Smalley, N. P. Meadway, Little Billee and Guy Innes as runners-up. I recommend a first prize of three guineas to be divided between F. C. C. and A. M. P.; a second prize of one guinea between L. E. J. and William Bliss. Will A.M.P. please send address?

FIRST PRIZE

This ugliest of any Spring
Holds Faith alone the loveliest thing

The snow must give a grass-blade room
So too a stone shall lift a tomb

I who sleep with chaos near
Wake to find my vision clear

In killing time I brighter see
The core of self unknown to me

The sounding brass of bullies' speech
Flies meaninglessly out of reach

Lovely faces in the street
Are now the only ones I meet

Superbly confident they go
To plot their masters' overthrow.

A. M. P.

SECOND PRIZE

Of all Springs of my seeing
This Spring is ugliest ;
Of all ways of my being
This Certainty is best.
The grass uplifts the snow
As from a tomb below ;
Storm-cradled I have drowsed
To clearer sight now roused.
The slow small pause when streets
Must needs force my retreats
To bring to me some tryst
Is past ; no more I list
To what the monsters spout
(Long since I found them out) ;
Nought else do I behold
But faces, comely, bold
And sure, oh soon, to beat
The Mighty from their seat.

L. E. J.

FIRST PRIZE

I loved you, dearest land,
When, Queen of earth and sea
You led, with your fair hand
The choir of victory.

They praised your sky that shines
Translucent overhead,
Your forests and your vines :—
This this is France they said.

Saint, who with splendour burned,
Now that you shine no more—
Forgotten, fierce, and spurned.—
I, fanatic, adore.

Low at your feet I bow,
You who are scourged by reeds
With gall to drink, when now
Ah, mother—your side bleeds.

F. C. C.

SECOND PRIZE

Yes, I have loved you, O my Motherland !
When as a Queen you reigned, and near and far
Guided with royal and beloved hand
The course of Victory's triumphal car

We loved your swan-white beauty and your skies
That seemed to hold the limpid air in trance,
Above your woods and vineyards, to our eyes ;
"Look ! this is *ours*," we gloried, "this is France !

But now, when humbled outraged, torn,
You, who a Queen inviolate should be,
You, who for sweetness and for love were born,
Now I adore you ! madly, savagely !

Kiss your maimed hands in this your dark eclipse
Now, as I hear you draw each shuddering breath,
Now, when Christ's sponge is pressed against your lips,
Now, O my Mother ! as you bleed to death.

WILLIAM BLISS

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

The Annual General Meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office will be held on July 7th in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. Hugh E. Seebohm, J.P. :

The New Net Life Assurances of £1,928,746 in 1942 are very nearly equal to the total for 1941, and are £554,965 better than the total for 1940. The mortality experience was remarkably favourable. Even after inclusion of £22,000 war claims, the strain experienced was only 68 per cent. of that expected, and a substantial profit emerged. The Members are familiar with the present difficulties of investment on a remunerative basis, and it is therefore comparatively satisfactory to find that our rate of gross interest is still £4 11s. 7d. per cent., a reduction of only one shilling and five pence per cent.

The premium income of the Fire, Accident and Marine Departments was £1,912,742 and the transfers to Profit and Loss Account were £69,067. The results in Fire and Accident were satisfactory, but Marine suffered severely from the United States becoming involved in the War. Probably for 1943 Marine War Risks premiums will be less in volume, and it may be hoped that claims will be lighter. Century Interest income increased by about £12,000 due solely to larger funds as the average rate of interest earned still tends downwards.

Provision for British taxation in The Century Account is a severe strain. Out of £100,761 profit left after payment of the dividend of £60,000, £85,062 is reserved for British taxes. The profit and loss free balance is finally increased by £15,699 and now amounts to £253,856.

Company Meeting

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THE fourteenth ordinary general meeting of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Limited, was held on June 29th in London.

In the absence of Lord Pender, the Governor, through indisposition, the chair was taken by the President, Lord Inverforth.

Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G., chairman of Cable and Wireless, Limited (the "Operating" Company), replying to Mr. Horace B. Samuel's letter to the "Financial Times" of Friday, 25th June, said: Excess Profits Tax, Income Tax and Special Account are lumped together because negotiations are in progress to determine the excess profits tax. Excess profits tax is by far the largest factor, and, indeed, the other two are dependent upon it. Excess Profits Tax, Income Tax and Special Account for the four years 1939 to 1942 are as follows according to the estimates made by the company on the basis of the figures so far as they have been agreed with the Inland Revenue: Excess Profits Tax, £4,107,000; Special Account, £505,000; and Income Tax, £1,523,000.

These figures include the figures for the year 1942. The charge for the year is shown in the accounts as £2,100,000, which is made up as follows: Excess Profits Tax, £1,900,000; Special Account, £140,000; and Income Tax, £60,000.

It is estimated that at 31st December, 1942, the company's liability to excess profits tax and income tax and transfer to special account amounted to £6,225,000. All this is estimated to be needed to meet the outstanding liability.

The report was adopted, and a dividend of 4 per cent., less tax, approved.

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